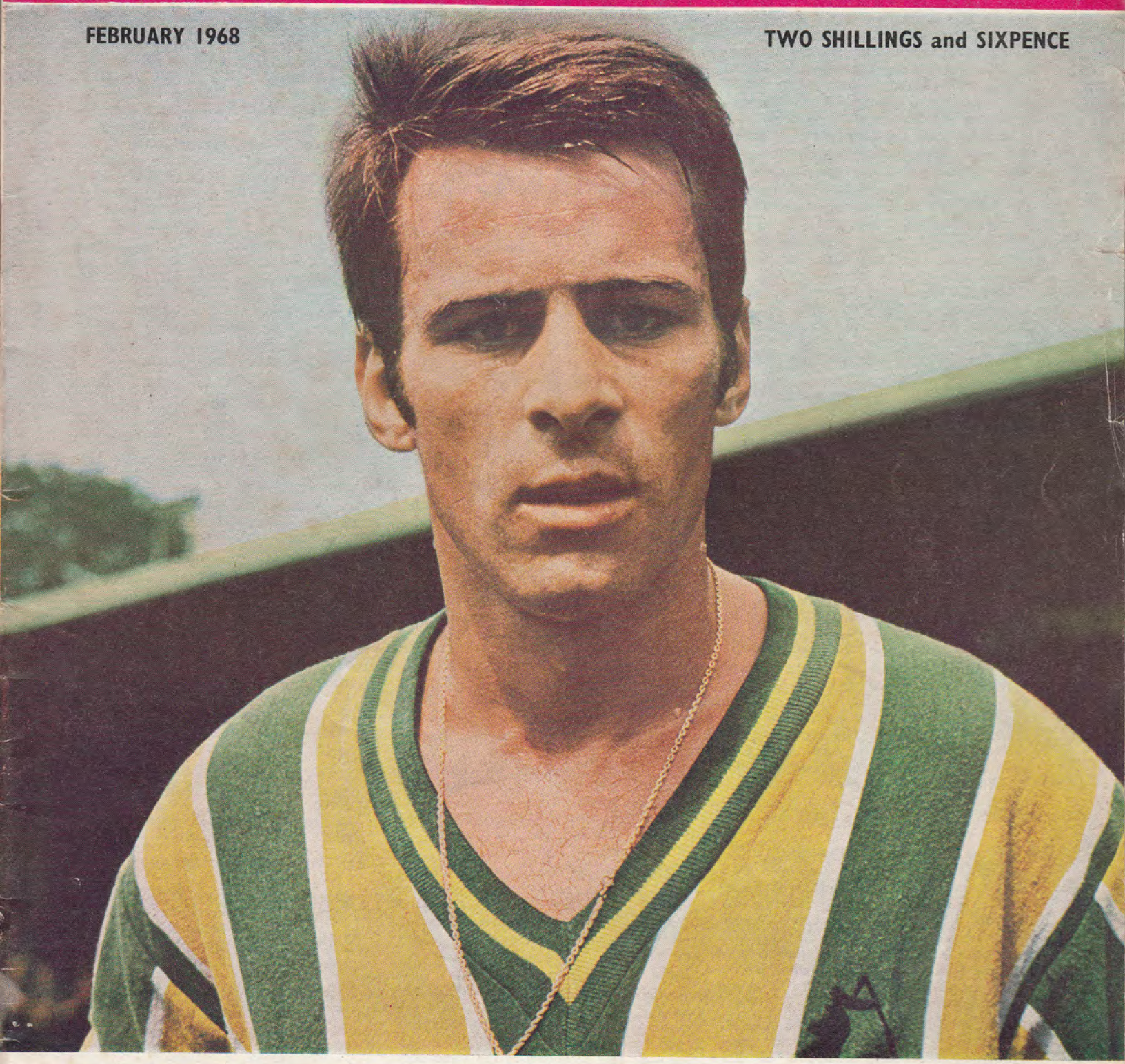
WORLD SOCCER

FEBRUARY 1968

TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE



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At Last it's a Merger in the States

AFTER eighteen months of "fightin' and feudin'" of conflicting statements by both parties, of accusations and counter-accusations, of near agreement then of breakdown, the two North American soccer leagues have finally merged.

The agreement was signed in Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday, December 4, by the merger committees of both the United Soccer Association and the National Professional Soccer League, and ratified in Chicago on December 14 by a meeting of all the owners. Many details remain to be sorted out, but with the groundwork already laid, it is now near certain that the league can push ahead with the development of soccer here with renewed vigour and minus the legal entanglements.

When amalgamation is finally completed, the NPSL will drop its anti-trust suit for 18-million dollars against the USA, FIFA and the USSFA.

Officers of the USSFA meeting in St. Louis who originally recognised only the USA league, have approved the amalgamation and now all that is required is the blessing of FIFA. Sir Stanley Rous, president of the world body, has indicated that he will recommend provisional recognition.

Recognition

Of course, before FIFA can give full recognition, it has to ensure that the NPSL clubs who obtained players without releases from their previous clubs pay transfer fees to those clubs. Likely to be hardest hit in this respect are the Chicago Spurs, who spirited several players away without paying for them.

The new league, which has yet to be named, will operate in two divisions, the United, drawing its teams from the old USA, will operate under commissioner Dick Walsh, and the National, taking its teams from the old NPSL, under commissioner Ken Macker.

At the Chicago meeting it was also confirmed that there would be no two team cities thus backing a decision arrived at by the merger committee. The committee was successful in finding a way round the two-team difficulty which has been a major stumbling block to merger negotiations all along, and this led the way to final agreement.

Generals

Under this agreement, both the New York teams, the Generals and the Skyliners, will merge and will likely play in the National League, with the name Generals being retained. In Chicago, the Mustangs will remain and play in the United League, and the Spurs will be re-located in a city yet to be named but thought to be either Milwaukee or Minneapolis.

The Los Angeles Wolves will be the only club in the "City of the Angels," while the Toros will find another home, probably 125 miles down the coast in San Diego, and close to the Mexican border.

Boston, which only had a team in the USA last season, but was awarded an NPSL franchise for the coming season, will be represented by the newly-formed Boston Beacons and coached by Jack Mansell, formerly manager of Rotherham United. The Boston Rovers will move elsewhere, possibly north to Montreal, although I am sure that Weston Adams, owner of the franchise, will think carefully about this, because soccer has not been a great success in Montreal in recent years, and even the Expo tournament drew attendances of much smaller proportions than might have been expected.

Biggest problem of all was that of

by

COLIN JOSE

Toronto, where the owners of the Falcons and Toronto City both wanted to continue in soccer but neither would consider moving from Toronto or merging. Eventually, the league bought out the Toronto City franchise for an estimated $160,000, leaving only Joe Peters' well-organised Falcons, who will play in the National League.

Both Peters and Steve Stavro, owner of Toronto City, have done a tremendous job for soccer in Toronto and a decision of one over the other must have been very hard to make. During the past USA mini-league season, Toronto City was represented by Hibernian, and they brought teams like Inter-Milan, Olympiakos, Rangers, Sparta, Eintracht Braunsweig, Lodz, Angrense and the Israeli national team to Toronto for exhibition games.

If Hamilton, just 40 miles from Toronto, was a good soccer city, it might have attracted Mr. Stavro's interest, but Hamilton lives and breathes Canadian football, and even ice hockey has a hard time there.

Prior to the merger meetings, it was tentatively decided that the San Francisco Gales of the USA should merge with the Vancouver Royal Canadians of the same league, and that the team should play out of Vancouver and be known as the Vancouver Royals. This merger of the two west coast clubs left the way clear for the NPSL champions, Oakland Clippers, to be the only club in the San Francisco Bay area. As a result of the Chicago meeting, this amalgamation is now permanent.

With the precise future of three clubs undecided until the league meets again shortly, the league will very likely line up as follows.

UNITED	NATIONAL
Chicago Mustangs	Atlanta Chiefs
Cleveland Stokers	Baltimore Bays
Dallas Tornado	Boston Beacons
Detroit Cougars	New York Generals
Houston Stars	Oakland Clippers
Los Angeles Wolves	Philadelphia Spartans
Vancouver Royals	Pittsburgh Phantoms
Washington Whips	St. Louis Stars
	Toronto Falcons

Applications have been received from a number of other cities for franchises, and a decision on these and what league the three re-located clubs will play in will be taken then. One of the cities applying for a franchise in the new league is Calgary, Canada's oil capital, where soccer has been growing in popularity for some time.

Schedule

It is likely that there will be an interlocking schedule worked out between the two divisions whereby each team would play each club from the other division at least twice in addition to its games in its own league. At the end of the season, a play-off set-up will undoubtedly be forthcoming, possibly involving the top two teams in each division.

Apart from the composition of the new leagues and decisions on the administrative set-up, another problem which faces the merged league is the all-important television contract. The NPSL has just signed a renewal of its TV contract with the CBS television network for the coming season, now it has been decided that the merged league will re-negotiate the contract and that games from both divisions will be shown from coast to coast.

The NPSL clubs are reported to be willing to pay the $25,000 affiliation fee to the USSFA.

Fine staff

The Detroit Cougars, who have already assembled some fine players like Jim Standen (West Ham), Willie Hunter (Motherwell), Roy Cheetham (Manchester City), Andy Burgin (Sheffield Wednesday), Bryan Snowdon (Millwall) and Walter Bruce from Glentoran, are reported to have made further signings during the past weeks. Barry Brown from the Belfast club Linfield and Angus Moffat from Kilmarnock have also been signed, plus John Kerr from the Hamilton Primos.

Kerr, who came to Hamilton from Partick Thistle this season, helped the Primos to their first-ever league championship in the Ontario National League and joins another former Primos player, full-back Ken McDonald, on the Detroit roster.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

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Editor:
JACK ROLLIN

February contents

		Page
At Last It's A Merger	*Colin Jose*	2
Review of 1967 Season	*Eric Batty*	4
Unfair to No. 12!	*Tom Jagger*	7
International Post-Mortem	*Gordon Jeffery*	8
Scottish News	*John Stone*	10
African News	*Norman D. Reich*	11
Searching The Soccer Scene	*Arthur Rotmil*	12
Can Transfer Escalation Ruin Football?	*Brian Glanville*	14
South American Commentary	*Gordon Jeffery*	16
Hungarian Newsletter	*Leslie Vernon*	18
Cramer Will Stay With FIFA	*W. Robin Parke*	19
European Leagues Review	*Roger Macdonald*	20
The Bobby Charlton Story	*Philip Rising*	22
World Club Cup Final For USA?	*Colin Jose*	24
The Other Franz	*Keir Radnedge*	26
Speaking Personally	*Leslie Vernon*	27
European Commentary	*Gordon Jeffery*	28
English Review	*Leslie Page*	30
Eire Round-Up	*Tom Muldowney*	32
Australian News	*Andrew Dettre*	33
Irish News	*Colin McAlpin*	34
Temperamental Josip	*Keir Radnedge*	35
World Diary	*Roger Macdonald*	36
European Cup Statistics	*Arthur Rotmil*	38
Around The World Stories		40
Man In The Middle's Views	*Sidney Clarkson*	42
Swiss and German Newsletters	*Arthur Rotmil*	43

FRONT COVER PICTURE

Philippe Gondet the French international forward in the distinctive colours of his club, Nantes. (Met.)

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EUROPE

ITALY

A Cyprus 2–0
H Portugal 1–1
H Rumania 1–0
H Cyprus 5–0
A Switzerland ... 2–2
H Switzerland ... 4–0

RUSSIA

A Scotland 2–0
H Mexico 2–0
A France 4–2
H Austria 4–3
H Greece 4–0
H Finland 2–0
A Finland 5–2
H Switzerland ... 2–2
A Bulgaria 2–1
A Austria 0–1
A Greece 1–0
A Holland 1–3
A England 2–2
A Chile 4–1

HUNGARY

H Yugoslavia ... 1–0
H Holland 2–1
A Denmark 2–0
A Austria 3–1
H E. Germany . 3–1
A E. Germany . 0–1
A Mexico 1–2
A Mexico 2–0
A Chile 5–4

ENGLAND

H Scotland 2–3
H Spain 2–0
A Austria 1–0
A Wales 3–0
H N. Ireland ... 2–0
H Russia 2–2

W. GERMANY

H Morocco 5–1
H Bulgaria 1–0
H Albania 6–0
A Yugoslavia ... 0–1
H France 5–1
H Yugoslavia ... 3–1
A Rumania 0–1
A Albania 0–0

RUMANIA

A Greece 2–1
A France 2–1
H Cyprus 7–0
A Switzerland ... 1–7
A Italy 0–1
H Israel 3–1
A Poland 0–0
H W. Germany . 1–0

E. GERMANY

A Egypt 3–0
H Holland 4–3
A Sweden 1–0
A Denmark 1–1
A Holland 0–1
A Hungary 1–3
H Denmark 3–2
H Hungary 1–0

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

A Switzerland ... 2–1
A Eire 2–0
H Turkey 3–0
H Spain 1–0
A Spain 1–2
A Turkey 0–0
H Eire 1–2

DENMARK

H Hungary 0–2
H E. Germany . 1–1
H Sweden 1–1
H Iceland 14–2
A Norway 5–0
H Holland 3–2
A E. Germany . 2–3
H Finland 3–0

BULGARIA

A W. Germany . 0–1
A Sweden 2–0
H Poland 3–2
A Norway 0–0
H Russia 1–2
H Sweden 3–0
H Portugal 1–0
A Portugal 0–0

YUGOSLAVIA

A Hungary 0–1
H W. Germany . 1–0
A Albania 2–0
A W. Germany . 1–3
H Albania 4–0

BELGIUM

A Luxembourg . 5–0
H Holland 1–0
A Poland 1–3
H Poland 2–4
A France 1–1
H Luxembourg . 3–0

PORTUGAL

A Italy 1–1
A Sweden 1–1
A Norway 2–1
H Norway 2–1
A Bulgaria 0–1
H Bulgaria ... 0–0

POLAND

A Luxembourg . 0–0
H Belgium 3–1
A Bulgaria 2–3
H Finland 7–2
H France 1–4
A Belgium 4–2
H Rumania 0–0

SPAIN

A Turkey 0–0
H Turkey 2–0
A Czechoslovakia 0–1
A England 0–2
H Czechoslovakia 2–1

SCOTLAND

A England 3–2
H Russia 0–2
A N. Ireland ... 0–1
H Wales 3–2

SWITZERLAND

A Mexico 0–3
H Czechoslovakia 1–2
H Rumania 7–1
A Russia 2–2
H Cyprus 5–0
H Italy 2–2
A Italy 0–4

FRANCE

H Rumania 1–2
H Russia 2–4
A Poland 4–1
A W. Germany . 1–5
H Belgium 1–1
H Luxembourg . 3–1

TURKEY

H Spain 0–0
H Eire 2–1
A Spain 0–2
A Czechoslovakia 0–3
H Czechoslovakia 0–0

SWEDEN

H E. Germany . 0–1
H Portugal 1–1
H Bulgaria 0–2
A Denmark 1–1
H Finland 2–0
A Norway 1–3
H Norway 5–2
A Bulgaria 0–3

AUSTRIA

H England 0–1
A Russia 3–4
H Hungary 1–3
H Finland 2–1
A Greece 1–4
H Russia 1–0
H Greece 1–1

NORWAY

A Finland 2–0
H Portugal 1–2
H Bulgaria 0–0
H Sweden 3–1
H Denmark 0–5
A Sweden 2–5
A Portugal 1–2

HOLLAND

A E. Germany . 3–4
A Belgium 0–1
A Hungary 1–2
H E. Germany . 1–0
A Denmark 2–3
H Russia 3–1

GREECE

H Rumania 1–2
A Finland 1–1
A Russia 0–4
H Austria 4–1
H Russia 0–1
A Austria 1–1

LUXEMBOURG

H Belgium 0–5
H Poland 0–0
A Belgium 0–3
A France 1–3

ALBANIA

A W. Germany . 0–6
H Yugoslavia ... 0–2
A Yugoslavia ... 0–4
H W. Germany . 0–0

FINLAND

H Greece 1–1
H Norway 0–2
A Sweden 0–2
A Russia 0–2
H Russia 2–5
A Poland 2–7
A Austria 1–2
A Denmark 0–3

EIRE

A Turkey 1–2
H Czechoslovakia 0–2
A Czechoslovakia 2–1

N. IRELAND

H Wales 0–0
H Scotland 1–0
A England 0–2

MERIT TABLES AND PERCENTAGE SUCCESS

EUROPE

	P	W	D	L	Goals F	Goals A	Percentage Success
1. Italy	**6**	**4**	**2**	**0**	**15**	**3**	**83.3**
2. Russia	14	10	2	2	35	17	78.5
3. Hungary	9	7	0	2	19	10	77.7
4. England	6	4	1	1	12	5	75.0
5. West Germany	8	5	1	2	20	5	68.7
6. Rumania	8	5	1	2	16	11	68.7
7. East Germany	8	5	1	2	14	10	68.7
8. Czechoslovakia	7	4	1	2	10	5	64.2
9. Denmark	8	4	2	2	29	11	62.5
10. Bulgaria	8	4	2	2	10	5	62.5
11. Yugoslavia	5	3	0	2	8	4	60.0
12. Belgium	6	3	1	2	13	8	58.3
13. Portugal	6	2	3	1	6	5	58.3
14. Poland	7	3	2	2	17	12	57.1
15. Spain	5	2	1	4	4	4	50.0
16. Scotland	4	2	0	2	6	7	50.0
17. Switzerland	7	2	2	3	17	14	42.0
18. France	6	2	1	3	12	14	41.6
19. Turkey	5	1	2	2	2	6	40.0
20. Sweden	8	2	2	4	10	13	37.5
21. Austria	7	2	1	4	9	14	35.7
22. Norway	7	2	1	4	9	15	35.7
23. Holland	6	2	0	4	10	11	33.3
24. Greece	6	1	2	3	7	10	33.3
25. Luxembourg	4	0	1	3	1	11	12.5
26. Albania	4	0	1	3	0	12	12.5
27. Finland	8	0	1	7	6	24	6.2

SOUTH AMERICA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Percentage Success
1. Uruguay	**8**	**4**	**4**	**0**	**16**	**5**	**75.0**
2. Argentina	6	4	0	2	13	6	66.6
3. Brazil	4	1	3	0	4	3	62.5
4. Mexico	4	2	0	2	5	5	50.0
5. Chile	9	3	2	4	16	17	44.4
6. Paraguay	5	2	0	3	9	13	40.0
7. Venezuela	5	1	0	4	7	16	20.0
8. Bolivia	5	0	1	4	0	9	10.0

WALES

A N. Ireland ... 0–0
H England 0–3
A Scotland 2–3

SOUTH AMERICA

URUGUAY

H Bolivia 4–0
H Chile 2–2
H Argentina ... 1–0
H Venezuela ... 4–0
H Paraguay 2–0
H Brazil 0–0
H Brazil 2–2
H Brazil 1–1

ARGENTINA

— Bolivia 1–0
A Uruguay 0–1
— Paraguay 4–1
— Venezuela 5–1
— Chile 2–0
A Chile 1–3

BRAZIL

A Uruguay 0–0
A Uruguay 2–2
A Uruguay 1–1
A Chile 1–0

MEXICO

H Switzerland ... 3–0
A Russia 0–2
H Hungary 2–1
H Hungary 0–2

CHILE

— Venezuela 2–0
A Uruguay 2–2
— Bolivia 0–0
— Paraguay 4–2
— Argentina 0–2
H Brazil 0–1
H Argentina 3–1
H Hungary 4–5
H Russia 1–4

PARAGUAY

— Bolivia 1–0
— Argentina 1–4
— Chile 2–4
A Uruguay 0–2
— Venezuela 5–3

VENEZUELA

— Chile 0–2
— Bolivia 3–0
A Uruguay 0–4
— Argentina 1–5
— Paraguay 3–5

BOLIVIA

A Uruguay 0–4
— Argentina 0–1
— Paraguay 0–1
— Venezuela 0–3
— Chile 0–0

NB. In addition to Home and Away, — indicates South American championship game played in neutral Uruguay.

REVIEW OF 1967 SEASON

MEDIOCRE YEAR FOR HONOURS

★ —— *by ERIC BATTY*

FIGURES cannot lie insist the mathematicians and football fans who follow successful teams will surely agree. For me, however, figures related to football have always tended to mislead and this is never more true than when considering international results over any given period.

In a league championship in which every team plays each of its rivals at home and away, there are grounds for accepting that the teams closer to the top of the league table are definitely superior to those placed at the bottom, but in the international arena there are many other factors to consider.

Not least of these is the varying number of matches played by each country, but in addition there are some teams every year who play more games at home than they do away. Throw in the fact that outside the framework of the international tournaments for national teams, everyone is free to choose its own opponents, stronger or weaker, as the fancy takes them and it becomes clear that if figures do not lie then they certainly can mislead.

In an attempt to produce comparable figures I have always adopted my own rules for this annual feature, assessing each country on the basis of percentage success. To do this I have awarded two points for a win and one for a draw and divided this figure by the number of points played for. Then, I have simply expressed this fraction as a percentage.

Where two or more countries have achieved the same percentage success, precedence has been given to the team with the better goal average.

Though this is the fairest system that I have been able to devise, it still gives an advantage to teams who play the majority of their matches at home or against weaker opposition and makes it essential that the table of results be interpreted in the light of these factors.

The Italians, for example, must be considered to have had a very successful year but in my estimation they do not merit first place. To begin with it must be realised that they played only six games and while four of these matches were at home, their programme included home and away clashes with Cyprus.

The temptation to demote the Italians will probably be best resisted however for at the time of writing they seem most likely to stage the semi-finals and final of the European Championship. The 1967 results table will obviously be taken as a guide to form in 1968 and this being so it will seem odd to demote Italy too far and then find them winning the Championship in June.

Remembering how important ground advantage was to England in the 1966 World Cup, it seems clear that the Italians will benefit considerably from staging the final. I would personally demote the Italians quite considerably and disregard the possibility of their proving my judgment to be wrong if they become European Champions.

If Italy do carry off the European Championship it will give rise to an interesting situation, for while the English will still be claiming to be the best in the World, the Italians may fairly insist on being acclaimed as the best in Europe. This argument is one best left until it arises, however.

My doubts about the strength of the Italians stem from two performances—away to Cyprus and away to the Swiss. In Nicosia, the team was playing under Helenio Herrera but on a very muddy pitch made worse by continuous rain, the local side made the Italians look quite ordinary. The Swiss achieved much the same effect in their home clash with Italy and were leading 2-1 until the closing minutes when the referee awarded the Italians a penalty which, to say the least, was extremely doubtful.

The position of Hungary must also be regarded with suspicion for, much as I admire the Hungarians' approach to the game, it is patently obvious that they are never at their best against the more vigorous opposition. In this category I would include England, Russia, Italy, West Germany and Argentina, and it is significant that none of these teams encountered the Hungarians in 1967. Had they done so, I would have expected the Hungarians' results to have been quite different.

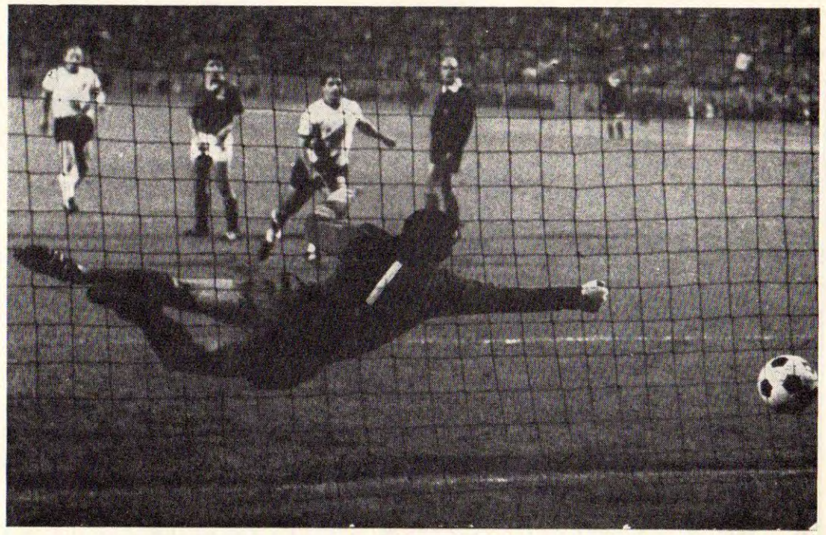
In terms of pure football, Hungary and Uruguay must vie for first place but when assessing relative strengths it must be recognised that the modern game demands considerably more than ability.

The relatively high position gained by England must also be considered suspect. For, of their six matches played during the period under review, only one match involved travelling outside the British Isles.

Of all the top teams, the most consistently successful was Russia and bearing in mind that they played more than twice as many games as Italy or England, it becomes clear that they must be regarded as the effective "champions". This does not mean that I am an admirer of the Russian style of play, and indeed their performance against England left me more than disappointed.

Defensively, the Russians performed as one might have expected, and not being an admirer of their midfield pair, Sabo and Voronin (a greatly over-rated player), I was not disappointed that these two failed to shine. What did disappoint me however, was the atrocious performances of Streltzov and Banischevski. In the second-half it seemed to me that Streltzov wasn't particularly bothered whether he played or not, while Banischevski was well below the standard he set during the last World Cup.

● *Continued overleaf*



OVERATH out of picture scores fifth goal in the 5-1 win over France. (Met.)

ERIC BATTY'S Review of 1967

● *Continued from previous page*

Chislenko completed a trio of comparative failures up front, and though he redeemed himself somewhat by scoring two goals, he was helped considerably on both occasions by the inefficiency of the England left-back Wilson.

In spite of their deficiencies however, it must be recognised that playing nine of their fourteen matches away from home and managing to win ten of them is no mean achievement.

In South America only the Uruguayans can claim parity with Europe's top four in the period under review, but here again it must be recognised that they played all their eight matches at home in Montevideo. Staging the South American championship in January, they got off to a fine start by taking the title after it had seemed more likely that the trophy would go to Argentina. Dropping a vital point by drawing with Chile, the Uruguayans redeemed themselves in the last match of the series when they beat Argentina 1-0.

Later, the Uruguayans met Brazil for a private trophy and having drawn twice in Montevideo, staged a third and deciding game at the same venue. Once more, however, the Uruguayans failed to win at home against a team which can hardly have modernised itself sufficiently since the failures of July, 1966.

These five teams already reviewed are clearly the strongest sides of 1967, and everyone else must be considered second class. In this category we now find several teams who have fallen on hard times and one or two who have shown distinct signs of improvement.

High on the list of failures must be West Germany who showed no sign of collapse until the latter months of the year. When Helmut Schon took his squad to Bucharest for a warm-up prior to the vital clash with Albania it appeared likely that the Germans would win comfortably. The team thrashed 7-1 by Switzerland, but admittedly under new management since then, gave the Germans a sharp reminder that Deutschland is not "uber alles" by divine right.

Beaten 1-0 in Bucharest, the Germans might still have recovered in time to win in Albania, but though they dominated the match in Tirana, and the home side had to play with only ten men for much of the game, they still failed to score.

Another big disappointment was Czechoslovakia who have slipped back considerably since their World Cup success in 1962. Accepting the fact that their present team compares unfavourably with that dominated by Novak, Pluskal and Masopust five years ago, they should still have beaten the Republic of Ireland in Prague after winning 2-0 in Dublin.

Had the Czechs not lost to Eire, they would not only have regained a place amongst the leaders but would also have qualified for the quarter-finals of the European Championship. That they did not, they owe to their own ineptitude rather than to any particular merits of the Irishmen.

Portugal, Spain and Scotland should all have fared considerably better than they did when one considers the talented players available for these countries. Scotland are combative enough, but both Spain and Portugal suffer in this respect. In these days, however, even talent and combativity are still not enough. The problems of the Scots almost certainly revolve around the existence of their selection committee, while Spain and Portugal are seldom able to arouse their players to the level achieved by their clubs.

Though not one of the traditional giants, the Dutch game has improved beyond belief since the introduction of professionalism in 1954 but here too, the national team generally fails to interest the top players. In part this may stem from strained relations between the Royal Dutch FA and the stars of Ajax and Feijenoord, yet though Holland managed to win only two of their six games in 1967, one of these two victories was against Russia.

There now remains the question of promoting and demoting teams after an analysis of performances. However one does this will be largely a question of personal opinion, and I accept that some people will disagree with me.

On balance the standard of play to be seen at international level in 1967 differs only slightly from that of the previous year. One or two teams have become slightly more defensive while others have attempted to develop a greater degree of "fight" amongst their players, but this is hardly surprising when one realises that many people were bound to be influenced by the successes of the more combative teams in the last World Cup.

Rather than name teams in order of merit, I prefer to group them together in classes for in truth there is little to choose between individual teams in the categories I have outlined.

WORLD CLASS: **None.**

INTERNATIONAL CLASS (A)
(Workmanlike and effective):
Russia, Italy, England, Argentina.

INTERNATIONAL CLASS (B)
(Talented but ineffective):
Hungary, Uruguay.

If one wanted to go further along these lines it will be impossible to separate the largely ineffective teams whose performances vary from match to match.

All the European teams down to France in 18th place (excluding those already mentioned) and Brazil, Mexico, Chile in South America, fall into this category.

SOCCER BOOM IN VENEZUELA

by ERIC WEIL

SOCCER is slowly taking over from baseball as Venezuela's most popular sport. The thousands of immigrants from Spain, Italy and Portugal who have been attracted by the country's oil boom since 1945 are creating a new soccer-loving generation.

Another good reason for soccer's ascendancy is that baseball's star players continue to be "exported" to the United States, while soccer clubs import star players mostly from Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Peru. Ramos and Edy from Brazil and Amarilla from Peru are the Venezuelan soccer fans' heroes, but some local players are already beginning to make their mark such as inside-forward Mendoza of Deportivo Italia and centre-half Freddy of Deportivo Galicia in whom Cruzeiro, the Brazilian champions of 1966, were even interested.

Each club had to include a minimum of three local-born players, in each game of last year's championship. This season the minimum will be four and is likely to be raised each year to eventually make Venezuela's soccer entirely national.

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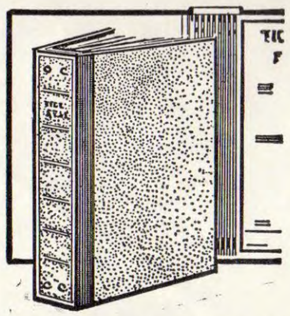

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TOM JAGGER calls for a square deal for the poor substitute

IT is a fact that there is good and bad in most ideas, and, generally, it takes some time to sort things out, and shape everything satisfactorily.

Big soccer has experienced that time and again, and usually ironed out everything to the liking of most folk in double quick time.

But now we have come up against a problem that has never been met before, and is defying solution at the moment.

I refer to the substitute rule. You know, the rule which permits changing of players during a game, and is not now dependent upon injuries as an excuse.

Nobody seemed to sense any difficulties in application when the FA and the League, after preliminary experiment, decided to permanently agree to this new facet of the game, and their joint decision was warmly welcomed as a step forward on a progressive route.

Rebels

But the human element has intervened. Call it pride, jealousy, rivalry, or what you will. It's there in solid form, and the sooner a solution is reached the better for everybody.

For players are quietly rebelling against being called off.

Unable or disliking to protest against the possibility of recall before going out for the kick-off, they are partly defeating the idea by ignoring instructions.

And those tactics are growing to such a degree that before long we are going to have gigantic pantomime played out before 50,000 or more fans.

Perhaps some readers have not yet been at any of the "rehearsals". I have, and I've no hesitation in saying it becomes farcical and embarrassing all round.

Let me give you just a few recent instances. One occurred at a Fourth Division game, midway through the second-half. The manager of a team which was losing by the odd goal of five decided to slightly remodel his attack by substituting his inside-right.

Waved

Simple. Call off No. 8, and send on the new man. Oh, yes, sounds all right said quickly, but this is what happened over the next *ten* minutes.

The manager came down from his seat in the stand, sat beside his trainer on the running track bench, and quietly waved to the inside-right, who seemed to get the signal, but then turned away.

The manager and trainer conferred together. Again there was another attempt, and that time I was pretty certain the player saw the signal. But he merely moved farther away, and began hugging the opposite touchline.

Came a hold-up for a throw-in, and the manager, standing up, waved furiously at No. 8, who just went on looking at something or other on the opposite side of the ground.

Finally, one of the wing-halves was given a whispered message when the referee wasn't looking. He passed it to the centre-half, who eventually moved up alongside the wanted player, and then he shrugged his shoulders and slowly tramped off.

A week later, at a ground more than 100 miles away, I had a stalls seat for a longer comedy because the player who had to

UNFAIR TO No. 12!

come off decided very firmly that he was going to stay.

He must have guessed they wanted him off because as soon as the manager began signalling, he immediately moved into action as far away as possible. And when one of his team-mates, having been passed the message, dashed up, he just dashed away.

Booing

The crowd began to sit up and take notice. Some started chanting: "You're wanted, you're wanted."

When at long last the player had to admit defeat, and slowly trudged across the pitch and into the dressing-room he won a sympathetic cheer, which was followed by booing for the substitute.

How is this position best tackled?

The manager could decide on his tactics beforehand, and tell the players to be prepared for a change at such-and-such a time. Or he could do the obvious thing, and enlist the aid of one of the match officials.

It would be a good idea if either the FA or the League considered this particular point, and circularised some suggested procedure.

It should be simple to think up an official solution to end a farce which is gradually developing to the discredit of not only the game but also the players.

For at present, all this frantic waving and pulling off of players often amounts to a public slap-in-the-eye for the man who is being displaced.

We don't want runners hurrying around a pitch with messages. We don't require semaphore experts. And we certainly don't have to encourage managers to develop any more so-called solutions, or otherwise the clubs will be resorting to loudspeaker systems, and I can well imagine a strident voice echoing across a packed ground: "Come in No. 8, a substitute's coming on for you."

Let's ask a match official to quietly help.

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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

THE MONTH'S GAMES

Nov.	22:	Belgium 3 Luxembourg 0	Bruges (EFC)
,,	26:	Bulgaria 1 Portugal 0	Sofia (EFC)
,,	29:	Netherlands 3 USSR 1	Rotterdam
Dec.	6:	Rumania 0 East Germany 1	Bucharest (O)
,,	6:	England 2 USSR 2	Wembley
,,	6:	Mexico 2 Hungary 1	Mexico City
,,	9:	Mexico 0 Hungary 2	Mexico City
		Chile 4 Hungary 5	Santiago
,,	17:	Chile 1 USSR 4	Santiago
,,	17:	Albania 0 West Germany 0	Tirana (EFC)
,,	17:	Portugal 0 Bulgaria 0	Lisbon (EFC)
,,	23:	Italy 4 Switzerland 0	Cagliari (EFC)
,,	23:	France 3 Luxembourg 1	Paris (EFC)

Only three remain

SOME interesting tour matches, notably those by Hungary and the Soviet Union, that may throw a little light upon both comparative European and Latin American standards and also upon playing conditions in Mexico. These however I am holding over for another issue, partly because it is usually desirable to review tours as a whole—which is how they are planned by the touring association, but mainly because this is the ideal time to present the results of the qualifying competition for the European Football Championship.

Three matches remain to be played—the visit of Switzerland to Cyprus (but Italy have already ensured qualification and the match result will matter only for the record books), and the final two matches in the British group—Wales against N. Ireland (not wholly irrelevant because, although without effect in the European Championship, an Irish victory could produce a triple tie for this season's British Home Championship) and, the one that really matters, Scotland against England at Hampden Park.

A victory for the Scots would mean that triple-tie—it would also mean that my passing thought at the end of the October "Post-Mortem" had been all too prophetic! Then I wrote:

"How ironic if the top three in the 1966 World Cup all fail to reach the quarter-finals of the European Championship!"

First to fall was the third placed country, Portugal. The last two fixtures in Group Two were the meetings between the 1966 World Cup finalists in that Group, Bulgaria and Portugal. The ten European finalists had been "seeded" over the eight qualifying groups for the European championship but there had to be two groups in which two of the finalists clashed. It was either bad luck (in the draw) or poor organisation that these two, who had been in the same group in the 1966 World Cup final matches, should again be in immediate conflict. In England in 1966, Portugal had shown themselves superior to the Bulgarians—heading the four-nation group with six points (the maximum) whilst the Bulgarians went pointless. But it was a different story in the European Championship—yet, in the ultimate, it was as much a case of Portuguese failure than Bulgarian success.

Last month I spread myself about Spain's qualification being gained by the Southern Irishmen's win in Prague against the Czechs. Similarly—except that it was an early match in the group competition and not the finale—it was Sweden's odd-goal-in-three victory over Portugal in Lisbon that opened a gap between Bulgaria and the favourites that the latter were never able to close. their last chance came with the visit to Sofia. At that time Bulgaria had seven points from four matches, Portugal had five points—and the four points remaining for allocation were those of the meetings of the two countries. Bulgaria moreover had scored nine goals and conceded only two; Portugal's goal difference was only one—six for, and five against. The scales, in other words, were very much weighed in Bulgaria's favour. The only certain qualification for Portugal was to win both matches: the one slight chance was to draw one and to win the other with at least four goals in hand!

Bulgaria are too sensible, too efficient a national club to squander chances like that and it was a single goal, scored towards the middle of the second-half by Dinko Dermendiev, that collected both points and sent sixty thousand fans home happy. The return—and final match in the group—in Lisbon three weeks later was a mere formality watched by an already disheartened twenty thousand Portuguese fans. The number three in the world ranking had fallen but, more remarkably, on the same day that Group Two reached its end in Lisbon, number two fell in Tirana. I nearly wrote in Tirana "of all places"—but was it altogether a surprise?

Albania in their rare excursions into the wide field of European football have given evidence of one thing, of one appreciation of the game outside of their beleaguered country—that a packed defence may not gain victory but does sometimes avoid defeat. Pointless in their small group, faced by visitors from a country still identified with fascism in Albanian eyes—it was a fair assumption that the Albanians would aim for massed defence for ninety minutes. The Germans were without Uwe Seeler and Beckenbauer—both reported as being injured but, that apart, neither had done much to enthuse the selectors when Rumania beat West Germany one-nil in a friendly at Bucharest in November. Constant pressure on the Albanian goal failed to produce the one goal that the Germans needed to top Yugoslavia with a superior goal-difference. Equally, the ninety minutes failed to produce even the possibility of an Albanian goal, but for them the result was a resounding victory. For the Germans it was a serious set-back. For the rest of us, it awoke thoughts of possible further surprises in the two decisive matches to come a week later—France entertaining Luxembourg and Italy the Swiss.

Luxembourg, like the Albanians, were goalless but, if the result of their match against France was to influence the group leadership, Luxembourg needed to score at least twice—and to deny the French a single goal. It was never "on": Luxembourg did have the satisfaction of scoring a goal—an achievement they can share with Cyprus, but France scored three. The Nice winger, Charley Loubet, a doubtful starter because of injury, was the "hero"—scoring a hat-trick in an eleven-minute period that began just before the interval.

Italy had been extremely fortunate to draw against Switzerland in Berne but they were in their most confident and determined mood for the return—three-nil in the lead at the interval, four-nil at the end. At their best the Italians are very good—fortunately for the other European countries they are not often at their best.

With West Germany and Portugal fallen, what are the chances for the world champions? They have only to avoid defeat at Hampden to retain interest in the European Championship. There are two sides in every match so the Scottish attitude comes into the reckoning. The Scottish reaction to the England-Soviet Union match was interesting. They, almost alone amongst "neutral" observers. were unimpressed. If that was the best that England could do. the Scots were confident of a February victory at Hampden. That Scotland themselves had followed their April victory over England with a home defeat against a Soviet side substantially the same as the one that played at Wembley was totally ignored!

Personally, my main hope

● *Continued on page 17*

Bulgaria's 'keeper, Simeonov, pounces on the ball to thwart an advance by Portugal's Eusebio in the game in Lisbon. A 0-0 draw merely confirmed the former's position at the top of their European Championship group. (Marques.)

Geoff Hurst appears to be kicking the head of Russia's Albert Shesternev in this clash at Wembley. The teams drew 2-2. (A.)

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP—

results and tables

GROUP ONE

Rep. of Ireland 0 Spain 0
Rep. of Ireland 2 Turkey 1
Spain 2 Rep. of Ireland 0
Turkey 0 Spain 0
Turkey 2 Rep. of Ireland 1
Rep. of Ireland 0 Czechs 2
Spain 2 Turkey 0
Czechs 3 Turkey 0
Czechs 1 Spain 0
Spain 2 Czechs 1
Turkey 0 Czechs 0
Czechs 1 Rep. of Ireland 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Spain	6	3	2	1	6	2	8
Czechs	6	3	1	2	8	4	7
Rep. of Ireland	6	2	1	3	5	8	5
Turkey	6	1	2	3	3	8	4

GROUP TWO

Bulgaria 4 Norway 2
Portugal 1 Sweden 2
Sweden 1 Portugal 1
Norway 1 Portugal 2
Sweden 0 Bulgaria 2
Norway 0 Bulgaria 0
Norway 3 Sweden 1
Sweden 5 Norway 2
Bulgaria 3 Sweden 0
Portugal 2 Norway 1
Bulgaria 1 Portugal 0
Portugal 0 Bulgaria 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Bulgaria	6	4	2	0	10	2	10
Portugal	6	2	2	2	6	6	6
Sweden	6	2	1	3	9	12	5
Norway	6	1	1	4	9	14	3

GROUP THREE

Finland 0 Austria 0
Greece 2 Finland 1
Finland 1 Greece 1
USSR 4 Austria 3
USSR 4 Greece 0
USSR 2 Finland 0
Finland 2 USSR 5
Austria 2 Finland 1
Greece 4 Austria 1
Austria 1 USSR 0
Greece 0 USSR 1
*Austria 1 Greece 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
USSR	6	5	0	1	16	6	10
Greece	6	2	2	2	8	8	6
Austria	6	2	2	2	8	10	6
Finland	6	0	2	4	5	12	2

* Match abandoned. Result is included—it had no bearing on qualification—although the decision to accept the result is not yet official.

GROUP FOUR

West Germany 6 Albania 0
Yugoslavia 1 West Germany 0
Albania 0 Yugoslavia 2
West Germany 3 Yugoslavia 1
Yugoslavia 4 Albania 0
Albania 0 West Germany 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Yugoslavia	4	3	0	1	8	3	6
West Germany	4	2	1	1	9	2	5
Albania	4	0	1	3	0	12	1

GROUP FIVE

Netherlands 2 Hungary 2
Hungary 6 Denmark 0
Netherlands 2 Denmark 0
East Germany 4 Netherlands 3
Hungary 2 Netherlands 1
Denmark 0 Hungary 2
Denmark 1 East Germany 1
Netherlands 1 East Germany 0
Hungary 3 East Germany 1
Denmark 3 Netherlands 2
East Germany 3 Denmark 2
East Germany 1 Hungary 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Hungary	6	4	1	1	15	5	9
East Germany	6	3	1	2	10	10	7
Netherlands	6	2	1	3	11	11	5
Denmark	6	1	1	4	6	16	3

GROUP SIX

Rumania 4 Switzerland 2
Italy 3 Rumania 1
Cyprus 1 Rumania 5
Cyprus 0 Italy 2
Rumania 7 Cyprus 0
Switzerland 7 Rumania 1
Rumania 0 Italy 1
Italy 5 Cyprus 0
Switzerland 5 Cyprus 0
Switzerland 2 Italy 2
Italy 4 Switzerland 0
Cyprus Switzerland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Italy	6	5	1	0	17	3	11
Rumania	6	3	0	3	18	14	6
Switzerland	5	2	1	2	16	11	5
Cyprus	5	0	0	5	1	24	0

GROUP SEVEN

Poland 4 Luxembourg 0
France 2 Poland 1
Belgium 2 France 1
Luxembourg 0 France 3
Luxembourg 0 Belgium 5
Luxembourg 0 Poland 0
Poland 3 Belgium 1
Poland 1 France 4
Belgium 2 Poland 4
France 1 Belgium 1
Belgium 3 Luxembourg 0
France 3 Luxembourg 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
France	6	4	1	1	14	6	9
Belgium	6	3	1	2	14	9	7
Poland	6	3	1	2	13	9	7
Luxembourg	6	0	1	5	1	18	1

GROUP EIGHT

N. Ireland 0 England 2
Wales 1 Scotland 1
England 5 Wales 1
Scotland 2 N. Ireland 1
N. Ireland 0 Wales 0
England 2 Scotland 3
Wales 0 England 3
N. Ireland 1 Scotland 0
England 2 N. Ireland 0
Scotland 3 Wales 2
Wales N. Ireland
Scotland England

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
England	5	4	0	1	14	4	8
Scotland	5	3	1	1	9	7	7
N. Ireland	5	1	1	3	2	6	3
Wales	5	0	2	3	4	12	2

SCOTTISH NEWS

BRITISH LEAGUE A MUST

by JOHN STONE

THE balance of early 1968 Scottish soccer power has certainly swung forcibly in Rangers' favour, after a previous year of total Celtic dominance.

But back to the Light Blues later. In a spell where Celtic seem to have gone slightly off the boil, they were still responsible for one of the strangest transfer bids of this or any other season.

Few people will forget, try as they may, the Parkhead club's three brutal battles with Racing Club of Buenos Aires for the title of World Club Champions.

In a sinful series, where finally four Celtic men were sent off and two Argentinians suffered the same fate, there was little memorable.

One man's displays in all three matches, however, did go down well, not just in Scotland but in South America.

Bobby Murdoch, Celtic's powerful midfield dynamo, and surely one of the most improved yet still under-rated players in the game, was the man who created a tremendous impression with the hard-to-please South American public, and clubs.

So much so that Celtic, who began the year by dropping a precious point to Rangers in their vital League clash on January 2, found themselves faced with the possibility of losing Murdoch as well, almost certainly, as their League Championship crown.

For Boca Juniors, remembering his play against their great rivals, Racing, made a written bid to Celtic Park.

Whether Murdoch would have gone to South America is, of course, a hypothetical question. Whether he could have settled in surroundings which, let's face it, would have been even more foreign to Scots than Italy is to Englishmen, we shall never know.

For Celtic took less time than it takes to say "Jock Stein" to throw the bid out of the window.

Stein has said time after time that no member of his first team pool is available for transfer. And when Stein says something, you can take it from me that he *means it!*

So Murdoch stays at Celtic Park, Boca are disappointed, and the Celtic supporters utter huge sighs of relief.

Tying up a League Championship flag at the halfway stage is a bit like playing Russian Roulette. But nevertheless, when Rangers grabbed their equaliser at Celtic Park to make it 2-2 it preserved Rangers' two point lead over Celtic at the top of the table, and left the League Championship theirs for the taking.

For the sad truth is that there is not really another side in Scotland capable of stopping Rangers in a winning run that fully vindicates the Ibrox board on their decision to replace long-serving manager Scot Symon with the years-younger David White.

White's appointment coincided with a remarkable Rangers run that saw them not only take a firm grip on the League leadership, but also force their way into the final eight of the Fairs' Cup with a magnificent opportunity of yet further progress.

Drawn against a Leeds United side I must consider tremendously lucky to beat Hibs, Rangers—even though the bookmakers quickly established the Elland Road men as Fairs' Cup favourites—fully expect to be in the last four.

There is little doubt that they are not as good a side as many of the great Rangers teams of the past.

They have not looked impressive in many of their matches, but nevertheless, when games are being won and won convincingly by a side not at peak form, think what happens when the "blend" is found.

Hibs, of course, as they proved against such formidable rivals as Leeds, are certainly on the way back—assuming, of course, that their Fairs' Cup run, and single-goal defeat by Leeds, has not meant a rush of transfers from Easter Road.

Yet my feeling is that there is not sufficient playing power anywhere in Scotland to challenge the Light Blues . . . except at Celtic Park.

Stein has not received the manager of the year award in the last two seasons for nothing.

And although he has not admitted as much, I feel confident that he will be out, cheque-book in hand, in a determined bid to strengthen his playing staff still further.

Everything seemed to start going wrong for the present European Cup holders when they were eliminated by Dynamo Kiev in their initial defence of the title they brought to Britain for the first time.

But whether they fail to peg back Rangers in the Championship race or not, one thing is certain: Celtic *must* be in Europe again next season.

They will certainly finish in the top two in the Championship, could well win the Scottish Cup, so will be in one of the three big competitions.

And having triumphed in the most difficult of them all, the European Cup, you can rest assured Celtic, having tasted the success such a triumph brings financially as well as egotistically, are determined to give encores.

The position which, I gather, causes most concern for the future is goalkeeper. Ronnie Simpson, of course, has been a miracle in his own right, but obviously any player in his late thirties cannot count on many more seasons.

Stein, quite recently, has been talking again of the day the British League Championship comes into being. There is no doubt at all that Celtic, one of the most go-ahead of European outfits, are all in favour of a competition involving Scotland's and England's top sides.

These are the games, I agree, that must come. I am sure that public demand will finally force the issue and there will be a British Championship before 1970 arrives.

Talking hypothetically again, a competition similar to the Coronation Cup—or even played on a 14-match League basis—could be fitted in without damaging either national championship as it is known now.

The real sufferers, I feel, would be the respective countries' League Cup competitions. Yet at the side of matches like Rangers v. Spurs, Celtic v. Manchester United, Liverpool v. Hibernian . . . can you see any sort of League Cup clash to compare?

Celtic manager Jock Stein with the European Cup trophy and telegrams of congratulation after his team's success last May. Celtic have not fared so well since that triumph and Rangers look like taking over the number one tag in Scotland. (A.)

Norman D. Reich reports from South Africa

Ivory Coast surprise

AFRICA is a rapidly emerging continent, and as such, its sport is closely linked with its politics. Its states hunger for national prestige and the sportsfield provides possibly the most convenient and cheapest route to acquiring it.

Governments throughout the continent show tremendous interest in sport, particularly soccer, establishing ministries of sport and providing ready and active patronage.

The immediate effect has been a steady increase in the number of internationals played between the independent African countries. In the period under review (November 1966 to November 1967), 61 internationals involving African teams have come to notice. In 1960, there were less than a dozen, 19 in 1963, 29 in 1964, 42 in 1965 and 49 in 1966.

For the first time, we are in a position to compare the performances of the football playing countries on the continent. It is always a difficult thing to make comparisons of teams who play different numbers of matches and do not even play against the same teams. I feel that the fairest of a number of very unfair methods is to compare the percentage of points obtained out of the possible number for each team and this has been done in the accompanying table.

Inevitably, a rudimentary table such as that which evolved can only provide a very rough gauge as to the capabilities of the included teams. However, it is significant that the Ivory Coast has emerged at the head of the table. Soccer has made steady progress in this West African country and performances have improved continuously over the past three years. The national champions, Stade Abidjan, won the Africa Club Cup earlier in the year and the Ivory Coast have already qualified for the final stages of the forthcoming Africa Cup competition. They are one of the most progressive countries in Africa though they have been competent rather than brilliant.

If I were to choose the four countries that had made the greatest progress during the year, I would plump for the Ivory Coast, Kenya, the Congo-Kinshasa and the Congo-Brazzaville.

It is strange how the rivalry on the political front between the two neighbouring Congos has suddenly spilt over onto the soccer field. Two years ago, they were soccer nonentities, their players devoting their energies to annexing silver pots and other less expensive pieces of trophy in a series of inter-town, inter-district and inter-province tournaments. Now the aims are loftier and the standards are higher.

Cold statistics can, of course, prove anything. In the case of the Congo-Kinshasa, they show that its international players appeared in no less than 15 matches since last November which is more than the next two put together. Their record was impressive too. Although they only appear tenth in the table, it is doubtful if more than two or three would finish above them if everyone had completed that number of games. Another point in their favour is that nine of their games were played away from home. They won each of their six home games.

Perhaps, one of the most meritorious of their performances was their 2-0 home win over Ghana early in the year. It was Ghana's first defeat in 13 months.

In contrast to the Congo-Kinshasa, all Kenya's fixtures were completed at home. She staged, and won, the first East African Championship—a replacement of the Gossage Cup—beating Zanzibar 6-0 and Tanganyika 5-3 and also chalked up a 4-3 win over FC Opel-Russelsheim, a club side from West Germany. It is not coincidental that Kenya have the services of Jack Gibbons, a qualified FA coach, to prepare them for each international and also to nurture new talent into the international arena. He has done a magnificent job, and what is more important, his efforts are being recognised and he is getting the right kind of encouragement for him to aim for even higher goals.

While Kenya has continued to improve, Uganda has continued to slide. This was surely her worst year yet. In the table, she appears at 28th position, with only Somalia below her, and this really is the stature she now "enjoys". Not so long ago, Uganda were the kings of East Africa. In the days of Sam Sebowe, they won the Gossage Cup with monotonous regularity and regularly qualified for the play-off finals of the Africa Cup. Now they have not been East African champions for four years and their record gets worse with each passing season. Apart from general disorganisation, lack of a national coach and the general inability of the national FA to get to grips with its problems, there is an almost alarmingly immature appreciation of modern tactics and a general apathy amonst officials. A lot of self criticism and homework will have to be done before the fortunes of Uganda take a turn for the better.

Based on their results for a corresponding period in 1966, I compiled a similar experimental table last year. Glancing back to my notes, I find that the top six were:

1. Ghana
2. Ethiopia
3. Sudan
4. Morocco
5. UAR
6. Senegal

Ghana, champions of the continent for three years, have obviously slipped quite a lot. There are a number of just as obvious reasons. The country is going through a period of political upheaval in which a dictatorship has been replaced by a military junta which has set its immediate aims at re-creating a viable economy. Soccer is not as important as feeding hungry stomachs and so for the time being, soccer has been pushed into the back seat. It is also very true that the great Black Stars team that conquered the continent in the last decade is growing old and inevitably, the seasoned veterans—the stars—of that side, are making way for younger, fitter, faster men who will take time to prove themselves. The next two years are likely to be a period of adjustment for them. Ethiopia have more or less maintained their position. New players are being introduced into the side but the older hands still form the basis of a well-tried side.

If Uganda have been on the slide, by comparison, Sudan have taken a massive nose-dive. They have dropped sixteen places and again, they cannot reasonably complain with their standing. The soccer they have produced

● *Continued on page 15*

RATING TABLE FOR PERIOD UNDER REVIEW

	P	*W*	*D*	*L*	*F*	*A*	*Pts*	*% Pts*
1. Ivory Coast	5	3	2	0	9	4	8	80.00
2. Tunisia	4	2	1	1	7	2	6	75.00
3. Ethiopia	6	4	1	1	9	4	9	75.00
4. Algeria	2	1	1	0	2	1	3	75.00
5. UAR	2	1	1	0	2	1	3	75.00
6. Kenya	5	3	1	1	11	9	7	70.00
7. Morocco	3	1	2	0	2	0	4	66.67
8. Libya	3	1	2	0	5	3	4	66.67
9. Malagasy	3	2	0	1	6	4	4	66.67
10. Congo-Kinshasa	15	8	3	4	32	20	19	63.33
11. Zambia	4	2	1	1	6	4	5	62.25
12. Ghana	4	2	1	1	5	4	5	62.25
13. Senegal	4	2	1	1	7	6	5	62.25
14. Congo-Brazzaville	5	2	1	2	12	7	5	50.00
15. Malawi	2	1	0	1	1	1	2	50.00
16. Liberia	3	1	1	1	4	6	3	50.00
17. Nigeria	7	2	2	3	11	11	6	42.85
18. Mali	7	2	2	3	6	8	6	42.85
19. Sudan	7	2	1	4	9	11	5	35.09
20. Guinea	3	1	0	2	5	6	2	33.33
21. Mauritius	3	1	0	2	3	6	2	33.33
22. Tanzania	7	1	2	4	8	17	4	28.50
23. Sierra Leone	2	0	1	1	2	3	1	25.00
24. Cameroun	2	0	1	1	1	3	1	25.00
25. Togo	5	1	0	4	4	11	2	20.00
26. Niger	3	0	1	2	3	7	1	16.67
27. Rhodesia	2	0	0	2	2	4	0	00.00
28. Uganda	3	0	0	3	1	9	0	00.00
29. Somalia	1	0	0	1	0	5	0	00.00

Better Claims By Others?

NEWS that this season's European Cup Final well be staged at Wembley—for the second time in five years—was greeted with dismay and disappointment in several countries, especially behind the so-called Iron Curtain. In this respect they have my full sympathy, for why does the European Football Union continue to ignore the possibility of staging a final in Eastern Europe for a change, instead of duplicating the venues in the West? Brussels has already staged it twice (1958 and 1966) and now Wembley again.

In addition, Brussels has also been the venue of a Cup-Winners' Cup final (1964), Wembley has had one (1965) while Glasgow enjoyed it twice (1962 and 1966)!

MAGNIFICENT

Surely the reason is not lack of facilities, for Moscow for example boasts the magnificent, 103,000 capacity all-seated Lenin stadium. All right, so the Russian clubs did not enter the European contests until 1965. Then what about the East German stadium at Leipzig which can hold 110,000? Or the Polish grounds at Warsaw and Chorzów, each with a capacity of 100,000? Not forgetting such fine stadiums as in Budapest (90,000), Belgrade (80,000) and Bucharest (80,000).

Is it the sporting angle? Well, hardly if you consider that Partizan Belgrade for instance have reached the Final (1966), an achievement which has so far been denied to any English team. Could there be any objections on financial grounds? Unlikely—because most of the grounds I mentioned would guarantee a sell-out, while Wembley for its 1963 Final drew a crowd of only 45,000. Note, that this included some 5,000 Italians and 2,000 Portuguese! In fact, Wembley is the only ground which for a European Cup Final failed to produce an attendance to equal even 50 per cent of its capacity! This can be seen from the following details:

	Venue	Attendance	Ground Capacity
1956	Paris	40,000	40,000
1957	Madrid	125,000	125,000
1958	Brussels	70,000	70,000
1959	Stuttgart	70,000	74,000
1960	Glasgow	128,000	134,000
1961	Berne	30,000	58,000
1962	Amsterdam	65,000	65,000
1963	Wembley	45,000	100,000
1964	Vienna	75,000	80,000
1965	Milan	65,000	90,000
1966	Brussels	60,000	70,000
1967	Lisbon	60,000	70,000

The excuse that the contestants, Milan and Benfica were perhaps unknown to English fans falls flat, because only the year before Benfica figured in a stirring semi-final against Spurs at sold-out White Hart Lane while AC Milan, on their way to Wembley, eliminated both the English and Scottish champions, Ipswich and Dundee.

GORNIK WARNING

MANCHESTER UNITED would be well advised to ignore and forget that Górnik crashed by 1-8 at Tottenham in 1961. They will find the Polish champions, whom they meet in the European Cup quarter-finals, a vastly different proposition from the side which were overawed and plainly intimidated by an hysterical crowd, their opponents' physical application and unfamiliar floodlights.

When Górnik step out at Old Trafford this time, their visiting card will read: "Conquerors of Dynamo Kiev", who, remember, knocked out Cup-holders Celtic in the very first round. Of course, the biggest factor in United's favour will be that the Poles, having spent over three months without competitive football, may not be attuned to the tempo of such an exacting test. The Polish league season closed down on November 12 and will not re-open until March. During that period their country is snowbound and open air football quite unthinkable.

Searching the Soccer Scene

No one will convince me that an equally low percentage of gate would be registered at the Lenin Stadium, The People's Stadium in Leipzig, the Slaski-stadium in Chorzów, the "10th Anniversary" Stadium in Warsaw, the Nepstadion in Budapest, the Army-stadium in Belgrade or the "23rd of August" stadium in Bucharest!

INSULT

In a metropolis like London, with a population of nearly 10 million, where league games between local teams who can be seen every other week to draw crowds of 40-60,000, an attendance of 45,000 at a European Cup Final can only be described as an insult to international football!

Górnik have been eight times champions of Poland and after an indifferent start to this season, they managed to lift themselves to third place, four points behind the leaders Legia Warsaw, with this record:

P	W	D	L	F	A
13	6	4	3	24	17

Although this is their sixth attempt in the European Cup, it is in fact only their first quarter-final appearance. In the previous rounds they accounted for Djurgaarden (Sweden) 3-0 (h) and 1-0 (a), then dismissed Kiev, winning 2-1 away(!) followed by a 1-1 home draw.

They are managed by the Hungarian Dr. Geza Kalocsai, a former assistant to Gustav Sebes who was in charge of the famous Hungarian national side of the 'fifties. Later, Kalocsai coached Partizan Belgrade and Standard Liege to their national championships. His right-hand man at Górnik is none other than Ernest Pol, their former inside-forward and the greatest player Poland has produced since the war. Now 38, he finally decided to hang up his boots, probably prompted by a traumatic experience of missing a vital penalty which cost Górnik a quarter-final place last season. Playing in the second round against CSKA, the Poles slumped to an 0-4 defeat at Sofia but tore into the Bulgarians at home and raced to a 3-0 lead by half-time. Then Russian referee Altimov awarded them a penalty. Up came the great Pol . . . and lifted his shot over the bar! No team has ever pulled back four goals from a first leg of this competition, but Górnik came closest to making history.

The Polish champions' principal stars are Wlodzimierz Lubanski who is only 20 years old but already holds 22 caps, having made his début for the national side at the age of 16. Last season's top League scorer with 18 goals, now again in the lead with 13, from as many games. Next, Stanislaw Oslizlo 30 (46 caps) is also the captain of the national team at centre-half. Two fine forwards are little Zygfryd Szoltysik 25 (18 caps) and Georg Musialek 24 (14 caps), while in goal there is Hubert Kostka 27 (4 caps) who is an architect by profession—as indeed the Polish players are basically all amateurs.

Górnik—pronounce it Goornik, which incidentally means miner in Polish, as they are associated with and located in the heart of the rich coalfields of Silesia. This area has always produced famous forwards, apart from Pol, like the great Ernest Wilimowski who scored four goals against Brazil in the World Cup of 1938 and later, as a German national, another four against Switzerland, plus a hat-trick versus Finland. Before the war his club Ruch Chorzów, five times Polish champions, fielded an all-international forward-line with Urban, Giemza, Peterek, Wilimowski and Wodarz.

Górnik play all their important games within a few miles of Zabrze, in the city of Chorzów which boasts a stadium holding 110,000, but for the Kiev game for example, police limited the crowd to 90,000 for safety reasons. Because of an athletic track around the pitch, it is sometimes said that the ground lacks atmosphere. But when Manchester United take the field there in the second-leg, they will face a roar equivalent to, if not louder than in their own den at Old Trafford.

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Tottenham outside-left Cliff Jones (11), raises his hands in triumph after scoring Spurs' third goal in their 4-3 victory over Olympique Lyonnais in the second-leg of their European Cup-Winners' Cup second-round tie. (A.2.)

LUCKY 13th!

ONE of the happiest and most memorable dates in the sporting calendar of Olympique Lyonnais will always be December 13, 1967. For on that day this unfancied but grossly underrated French outfit, then lying only 14th in the French League, dismissed mighty Tottenham Hotspur from the European Cup-Winners' Cup, after an amazing burst of three second-half goals which stunned the crowd at White Hart Lane into a disbelieving silence.

Having spent nearly three days with the French players, mostly in the role of an interpreter, I was most impressed with their composure, before and during the match, as well as their calm plus modesty in the hour of triumph. In fact, the only real excitement in the dressing room after the game, emanated from the French journalists who admitted to have written off their team at half-time and were now frantically searching for superlatives which eventually ranged from "sensational" and "incredible" to "the greatest thing that has happened to French football since the days of Reims."

CHAOTIC

I could well understand their bewilderment for having entered the same quarters at the interval, the scene was one of chaotic shambles, with several players arguing among themselves as to who was responsible for the dying seconds penalty which put Spurs 2-0 up. Others slumped dejectedly on their posteriors and looked at me forlornly and seemingly beaten. But nine minutes after the break, came a remarkable transformation sparked off by Rambert hitting a post and Di Nallo easily netting the rebound. Although Jones restored Spurs' advantage almost immediately, Rambert scored a second and then, after Gilzean made it 4-2, along came the tall, lanky Moroccan Alain Bouassa, 23, to head a dramatic goal in his first competitive match for Lyon to give them a quarter-final place.

The French are not a great side but they showed astounding resilience and fighting qualities. Their heroes were the 31-year-old Argentinian Hector Maison, who apparently went to school and played football with Rulli, the Racing Club of Buenos Aires' linkman, sent off in that disgraceful play-off with Celtic at Montevideo. Maison told me: "Rulli was always a timid and well-mannered boy. I cannot understand the British pressmen describing him as a ruffian and a bully. Why, he never deliberately hurt anyone while we played together at La Plata. He must have been provoked beyond the limits."

The quick-witted Lyon forwards, Fleury Di Nallo, 24, the smallest professional in France (one inch shorter than Maison) at 5 ft. 3 in. and Argentinian-born Angel Rambert, 31, created havoc among the Spurs' defenders whenever they got going with lightning dribbles mostly down the middle. But the man chiefly responsible for their success is the unassuming, quietly spoken manager Luis Hon, 43; born at Couches-les-mines in France, he played at centre-half for Real Madrid between 1950 and 1953, alongside the present boss of that famous Spanish club, Miguel Muñoz. It was Hon's calm but persuasive manner which convinced the French players at half-time that they still had a chance and ordered them to attack.

Not all the Lyon players are full or even part-time professionals. Goalkeeper Yves Chauveau, 22, central defender Yves Flohic, 24 (whose first-leg match against Spurs was only his third outing with the professionals) plus left-back Bernard Lhomme, 25, are all amateurs.

Their next assignment in the quarter-finals is Germany's Hamburger SV, over whom they hold a moral ascendancy, having knocked them out at the same stage of this competition in 1964. Tottenham must not feel too despondent over their elimination for remember, they and West Ham are still the only English clubs who have won a European trophy. But as for that famous Tottenham roar, well, Lyon's captain Di Nallo summed it up like this:

"Except when we scored, I kept thinking they were cheering for us!"

with Arthur Rotmil

Brian Glanville asks

Will transfer escalation ruin football?

WHEN Southampton recently granted their striking inside-forward Martin Chivers a transfer, and said that they would want £125,000, or its equivalent in cash and players, for him, there was a surprising uproar. The president of the Football League, Mr. Len Shipman, deplored the announcement, and said that his committee would probably be looking into it. Transfer fees of this exaggerated kind, he said, would have the inevitable result of making the richest clubs all-powerful. In the *Times*, their much respected football correspondent, Mr. Geoffrey Green, wrote that Chivers had done himself, his club and the game a disservice.

If I say that the clamour was surprising, it is because I should have thought that the phenomenon of spiralling transfer fees had been with us quite long enough for everybody to be used to it. I have not looked up the newspaper cuttings of the day when, over sixty years ago, Alf Common became the first £1,000 transfer when he joined Middlesbrough from Sunderland, but I can imagine it must have been very much the same in quality. In 1938—days of happy innocence—the football world was shocked when Bryn Jones, the little Welsh international inside-left, moves from Wolves to Arsenal for £14,500.

Commonplace

Now, the £100,000 transfer fee has become commonplace. Denis Law cost some £16,000 more than that when Manchester United brought him back to Manchester, from Torino. This season, the two blond, Sheffield United strikers, Mick Jones and Alan Birchenall, have each netted their club £100,000. Leeds paid that, or perhaps just under, for Jones; Chelsea paid it for Birchenall. In the meantime, Everton had paid more than that to Blackpool, for Alan Ball.

I agree that £125,000 is a ridiculous price for Chivers, who has not yet even played for his country, and can certainly not remotely be placed in the same class as Denis Law, the country's most brilliantly versatile player; nor even that of Alan Ball. Jim Baxter, who cost Nottingham Forest £100,000 when they recently bought him from Sunderland, is perhaps another matter. His skill is beyond argument, but there are doubts about his fitness.

Yet before throwing up our arms in horror and dismay at the bloated exaggeration of it all, let us compare the British situation with that of Italy, the most highly professionalised country in the world, and therefore probably the best measuring stick. And let us also remember that before Ted Bates, the Southampton manager, put that ridiculous price on Martin Chivers, the pound had just been devalued by 15 per cent.

In Italy, the £100,000 transfer fee has long, long since been left behind. As long ago as 1961, when Luis Suarez left Barcelona for Inter, the Spanish international inside-forward cost over £210,000. That figure has been left far behind by subsequent transfers. Angelo Sormani, the Brazilian international now playing for Milan, is generally accepted to be the world's most expensive player, though his transfer from Roma involved so many other players that it's hard exactly to calculate the sum involved. It must have been near to £300,000; and if Pelé were ever to be transferred from Santos, it would involve £500,000 and more.

Mr. Shipman says that this inflation of transfer fees will mean that only the rich clubs will be able to compete in the market. Has it ever been any different? Before the war, the great spenders were Arsenal. They paid the first £10,000 transfer fee to Bolton Wanderers for that splendid inside-right, David Jack, in the late twenties, £9,000—how paltry a sum it appears now!—for the incomparable Alex James and, in due course, £14,500 for Bryn Jones.

Great spenders

In more recent years, the great spenders have tended to be clubs such as Manchester United and, particularly, Everton, whose motto sometimes seems to be, "If it moves, buy it." It has been pointed out often enough that they paid £80,000 this season for a Wolverhampton Wanderers inside-right, Ernie Hunt, who, within a matter of weeks, was playing in their reserves.

In Italy, clubs like Internazionale, Milan, Juventus, Naples and Roma have paid the great fees. Roma must be differentiated from the other four, because although they are forever plunging into the market for players such as Sormani, Schnellinger and the rest, they have never had the same financial capacity, and are thus forever in a state of debt. Indeed, it wasn't so long ago that Juan Carlos Lorenzo, the Argentinian coach who was then in charge of them, was passing the hat round at a public appeal. Literally!

Until the 1949 Superga air disaster, Torino were also among the chief spenders; a role which they embraced again in the early sixties, though their financial capacity was so much diminished. Like Roma, they somehow conjured money out of the air, buying such players as Joe Baker, Denis Law, Gerry Hitchens, Nestor Combin, and poor Gigi Meroni, the winger whose life was so brutally cut short this season in a street accident. Both last summer and the one before, it was rumoured that Meroni would be transferred for an absolute world record fee, which might have gone as high as four hundred million lire. This, for a player scarcely known outside his own country, and by no means a regular member of the Italian international attack.

Once you have such a thing as a transfer fee, it is perfectly inevitable that your richest clubs will set the pace. The worst of it is that they will greedily buy players they don't need. One of the most depressing examples of the last decade was provided by Juventus, who bought John Charles and the promising 17-year-old Padova centre-forward, Bruno Nicolé, at the same time. Nicolé might have been the brightest Italian centre-forward there has been since Piola, but he wilted in the shadow of Charles, and his career sputtered out in sad anti-climax.

Last season, at the other end of the chronological scale, Inter unwarrantedly signed that marvellous veteran, Luis Vinicio, top scorer of the Italian League with Lanerossi Vicenza; and put the poor fellow on ice for a year; at the highly vulnerable age of 35. By the same token, Everton may now compromise the career of Ernie Hunt. You don't make progress in the reserves; at least not at Hunt's stage.

But all this would happen, whatever the size of transfer fees. Your provincial clubs such as Burnley, or Spal of Ferrara, pursuing a clever youth development policy, will be the better able to stay afloat precisely because they will receive larger fees for their home made products. And if Spal are forever engaged in a fight against relegation, Burnley, as we know, are usually among the contestants for honours in the League and Cup. It just depends on how long you can hang on to the talent you find and nurture.

Finally, the point must be made that the inflation of transfer fees is in direct proportion to the diminishing of talent. We have heard often enough of the law of supply and demand, and the present tendency towards negative, defensive play has exacerbated the disappearance of individual brilliance. Thus the value of a player—perfectly arbitrary, in any case—resides not so much in what he is, but in what other people aren't. A forward such as Tony Hateley, whose two quick transfers from Aston Villa to Chelsea and from Chelsea to Liverpool involved nearly £200,000, may be crudely ungifted by absolute standards. A Birchenall, a Jones, a Chivers, may have still to prove himself. But if they are the best around—or at least the best that money can buy—what is to be done?

It won't be terribly long before British clubs are paying £200,000 fees. And what will Mr. Shipman say then?

Note: It is with pleasure that one records the publication of a new edition of my friend Antonio Ghirelli's *Storia del Calcio in Italia* (History of Italian Football). Thirteen years ago, when I was living and working in Rome, it appeared in an edition far less handsome than the one Einaudi have now put out. It is, as one would expect from Ghirelli, stimulating, provocative, acute, sometimes contentious. A Neapolitan who now edits the daily newspaper, *Corriere Dello Sport*, he has always brought to the game an eye and an intelligence trained in letters and politics, as well as simply football. Thus, the perspective is larger, and football is properly related to its times.

Martin Chivers . . . placed on the transfer list by Southampton at a fee of £125,000. (A.)

IVORY COAST SURPRISE

● *Continued from page 11*

this year has been more negative, less inspiring and often downright dull. The signs are more hopeful, though. Younger players are taking over the dynamic roles in the team and the signs are of a promising side emerging.

Several countries enjoy a far higher rating in the table than their efforts merit. Libya occupy eighth place on the strength of three points obtained in two Africa Cup encounters with Niger—truly minnows—and a hard-earned and enhancing draw with the United Arab Republic.

Hostilities in the Middle East undoubtedly contributed to the meagre number of matches completed by the so-called Arab States. Algeria and the UAR each managed only two and Morocco three, Tunisia four. In 1966, the UAR completed seven matches, Morocco and Algeria each six and Tunisia five.

It is quite likely that the number of internationals will rise to 100 in the coming year. There are the respective finals of the Africa Cup and the Africa Nations Cup, the Friendship Cup, the host of independence celebration tournaments and the prospect of more and more friendly internationals. It is desirable that this trend continues for it is in this direction that an overall improvement in local standards lies.

INTERNATIONAL RESULTS

Nigeria 3 Congo-Kinshasa 2
Zambia 2 Malagasy 0
Malawi 0 Zambia 1
Uganda 0 Congo-Kinshasa 5
Togo 2 Congo-Kinshasa 4
Liberia 1 Congo-Kinshasa 4
Kenya 0 Sudan 1
Kenya 3 Sudan 2
Mali 1 Congo-Brazzaville 0
Morocco 0 Algeria 0
Niger 1 Congo-Brazzaville 3
Algeria 2 Mali 1
Tunisia 1 Mali 0
Tunisia 1 Ethiopia 2
Sudan 1 Ethiopia 1
Ethiopia 2 Sudan 1
Republic of China 1 Congo-Brazzaville 0
Republic of China 3 Congo-Brazzaville 3
Ivory Coast 1 Liberia 1
Congo-Kinshasa 3 Sudan 2
Sudan 1 Congo-Kinshasa 0
Togo 1 Nigeria 0
Malagasy 4 Tanzania 2
Tanzania 0 Malagasy 2
Congo-Kinshasa 2 Ghana 0
Togo 0 Ivory Coast 2
Tanzania 2 Zambia 2
Tanzania 2 Zambia 1
Ivory Coast 1 Nigeria 1
Nigeria 2 Ivory Coast 3
Nigeria 3 Togo 1
Ivory Coast 2 Togo 0
Uganda 0 UAR 1
Congo-Kinshasa 2 Sudan 1
Kenya 5 Congo-Kinshasa 4
Kenya 1 Congo-Kinshasa 1
Congo-Brazzaville 6 Tanzania 1
Ghana 1 Sierra Leone 1
Ethiopia 2 Mauritius 0
Mauritius 0 Ethiopia 2
Congo-Kinshasa 1 Tanzania 0
Kenya 3 Uganda 1
Niger 2 Libya 2
Libya 2 Niger 0
Tanzania 1 Congo-Kinshasa 1
Ghana 2 Nigeria 1
Senegal 3 Guinea 0
Guinea 4 Senegal 1
Senegal 2 Guinea 1
Congo-Kinshasa 1 Ethiopia 0
Rhodesia 0 Malawi 1
Rhodesia 2 Mauritius 3
Libya 1 UAR 1
Morocco 2 Mali 0
Senegal 1 Mali 1
Morocco 0 Tunisia 0
Somalia 0 Tunisia 5
Cameroun 0 Ghana 2
Nigeria 1 Cameroun 1
Mali 2 Congo-Kinshasa 2
Liberia 2 Sierra Leone 1

Other Matches

Mauritius 1 John Charles' XI 2
Congo-Kinshasa 1 Santos (Brazil) 2
Selection du Cap Vert 1 Santos (Brazil) 4
Zambia 1 John Charles' XI 2
Kenya Police 0 Tanzania Police 0
Zanzibar 3 Tanzania Mainland 0
Uganda 2 Tanzania Mainland 1
Kenya 6 Zanzibar 0
Uganda 2 Zanzibar 0
Kenya 5 Tanzania Mainland 3
Uganda 6 FC Opel-Russelsheim 2
Uganda Forces XI 1 FC Opel-Russelsheim 0
Kenya 4 FC Opel-Russelsheim 3
Mombasa 0 Zanzibar 0
Rhodesia Select XI 4 Mauritius 1
Mashonaland Select XI 0 Mauritius 6
West Nigeria 1 Congo-Kinshasa 1
Shanghai Workers 1 Congo-Brazzaville 3

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VARIOUS DISPUTES DELAYING COMPETITIONS

THE qualifying competitions for places in the Olympic finals in Mexico in 1968 were well-advanced—indeed in some regions completed—whilst the South Americans were still disputing venues and groupings. However, an extraordinary congress of the Confederacion Sudamericana de Futbol in Bogota did finally reach agreement on a tournament to be staged in Colombia from March 20 to April 15. Four Colombian centres—Bogota the capital itself, Cali, Medellin and Barranquilla; ten competing national associations divided into two groups for the places in the finals.

South American Commentary by GORDON JEFFERY

With three countries dominant in South America—Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay—it is obvious that two of them at least must be in the same group and the first two are the less fortunate ones. They are in Group A together with Paraguay, Chile and Venezuela. Group B is made up of the host country, Colombia, Peru, Bolivia, Uruguay and Ecuador.

At the same Confederation meeting it was also agreed that the scheme for including both the champions and the vice-champions of the member countries in the annual tournament for la Copa Libertadores de America (the South American Champions Cup in other words) should continue for 1968 and already some of the national league champions and vice-champions are known.

Amongst the first to claim a definite place were the former "world" champions, Penarol of Montevideo. The Uruguayan championship is disputed by only ten clubs—eighteen matches, and that scarcely adds up to an economically profitable season! The Uruguayans (perhaps until they catch on to the possibility of a League Cup!) therefore kick-off the season with a warming-up campaign in which each clubs plays the other nine once. Penarol, occupied at that time with Champions Cup matches, slipped a bit in those matches but there was never much doubt about their supremacy when the national championship proper began.

Their perpetual rivals, Nacional, kept within hailing distance after dropping a point in their second match (against Fenix who, at the end, were the relegated club) but even with Penarol falling behind with their fixtures, a defeat by Rampla Juniors, and goalless matches with Penarol and Racing, left Nacional two points behind Penarol at the halfway stage—and Penarol had a match in hand.

Penarol at this stage had dropped only one point—in that goalless match with Nacional. In the second-half of the season they remained unbeaten, beating Nacional two-nil in their return fixture and dropping just two points in drawn matches. The victory over Nacional made Penarol's championship certain but the probability had been there throughout the season. Nacional, with 26 points, finished seven points behind Penarol but comfortably in the runners-up spot that gives them their chance in the South America Champions Cup in which, last season, they came so close to beating Racing for the title.

SHARED

Cerro with 20 points were third in the Uruguayan championship and Racing and Rampla Juniors shared fourth place with seventeen points.

No change therefore in the Uruguayan challengers for the South American Champions Cup for 1968. When only the champion club competed, it was either Nacional or Penarol; when both the champion and the runner-up can enter, it is both of them. As predictable as that! There is a complete change however in Colombia with neither of last year's entrants—the two Independientes (of Santa Fe and Medellin)—qualifying this time, but with the most famous of Colombian clubs, Millonarios of Bogota, making a welcome re-appearance. But Millonarios owe their qualification to the extension of the competition to include the runners-up as they, and then thanks to a late burst of success, finished behind the new champions, Cali. The Colombian First Division consists of fourteen clubs—a small league but they meet each other four times in the championship season for a total number of 52 matches!

An interesting feature of the Colombian championship both last year and, but to a slightly lesser extent, this year, is the comparative closeness between the clubs. Last season for example the most matches won (out of 52 remember) were 26 by Independiente Santa Fe and 25 by Independiente Medellin, and even the bottom club, Quindio, won twelve matches and lost only twenty-nine. The result was that the extremes of points were 66 (Santa Fe) and 35 (Quindio). At the same time, by way of comparison, the range in Argentina (over only 38 matches) was from 61 (Racing) and 23 (Chacarita).

This past season the field has spread out rather more in Colombia but, as you can see from the following points table, it is still more even than most Latin American national championships. (In parenthesis is last season's final position for each club.)

COLOMBIA 1967

			Pts
1	(6)	Cali	73
2	(5)	Millonarios	65
3	(10)	America	61
4	(3)	Pereira	60
5	(7)	Junior	59
6	(1)	Santa Fe	53
7	(14)	Quindio	50
8	(8)	Cucuta	49
	(2)	Medellin	49
10	(9)	Magdalena	47
	(13)	Nacional	47
12	(11)	Bucaramanga	45
13	(4)	Caldas	39
14	(12)	Tolima	31

With five matches to be played, Millonarios' chance of a place in the sun of the Copa Libertadores was not over-bright. Cali were in front with 64 points and, barring a complete loss of form, odds-on favourites for the championship. Pereira and America shared second place with 57 points each with Millonarios one point behind them. In the next round of matches however, America dropped a point at home to Magdalena whilst Millonarios comfortably beat Cucuta. Pereira however, four-nil victors over the struggling Caldas side, still held their one-point advantage over Millonarios. Then over the final four matches, Pereira gleaned only a single point and America only three points. Millonarios, and Cali for that matter, collected seven of the possible eight points.

The Brazilians will not be making up their minds about the South American Champions Cup until much nearer the time—even then they are likely to change course. Basically their problem is the absence of a national league championship but, as you will have read in previous WORLD SOCCERS, there has been no lack of fightin' and feudin' in the Rio League this season with mass expulsions of players and matches abandoned.

Twelve clubs in the Rio League but after each has played the others once, the bottom four drop out, leaving the elite to continue the championship—retaining the points gained in the first-half of the season. Bangu and Botafogo jostled for the leadership over the early weeks—with seven matches played Botafogo, then unbeaten of course, were in front with thirteen points. Bangu, once beaten, were one point behind. Then, in their usual close proximity, the "old firm" of Rio (Flam and Flum) with identical records of four wins, one draw and two defeats for a total of nine points apiece.

Three weeks later with, that is to say, one match to play before the halfway mark was reached, Bangu with three wins had hopped one point above Botafogo. Flamengo and Fluminense were still together—on thirteen points. These four clubs were certain to carry on the struggle in the second-half of the season but below them came Campo Grande with eleven points, Olaria with ten, Vasgo da Gama, America and Bonsucesso all with nine points, Madureira seven, Portuguesa three and Sao Cristovao one. The latter three were condemned to disappear but it was a case of any one of five clubs to fill the fourth "relegation" place.

Olaria and Campo Grande were playing against each other

LEONEL SANCHEZ. (A.)

and a win by the latter could have left Olaria in a relegation position. Olaria however, managed a single goal to nil win to reach 12 points. Campo Grande staying of course on eleven. America and Bonsucesso, on nine points before the kick-off, seemed fortunate in that their opponents were the already doomed Portuguesa and Madureira respectively. America cashed in with a four-nil win but Bonsucesso could only draw one-all. It was still possible however, that Vasco da Gama would fall behind Bonsucesso—they had a seemingly hard match to play against Flamengo. Vasco won by four goals to nil—to start a disastrous run for Flamengo.

ANXIETY

Meantime, as if to emphasise their superiority over their old rivals, Fluminense were beating the leaders, Bangu, by three goals to one. Botofogo's match was against Sao Cristovao who had got just one point from their first ten matches. It was impossible to expect anything but a Botafogo victory but there was plenty of anxiety before the two points were safely gathered in after an odd goal in three win. So it was Botafogo in front with 19 points, Bangu second with 18, Fluminense clear of Flamengo in third place—fifteen points to Flam's thirteen. Olaria followed with twelve points and Vasco da Gama, America and Campo Grande all with eleven. Bonsucesso dropped out with Madureira, Portuguesa and Sao Cristovao.

Each of the eight survivors has played four matches since then—but there are no longer any "Sao Cristovaos" or "Portuguesas" just ripe for the picking. In consequence, with the exception of Flamengo, the top clubs have forged strongly ahead. Avoiding each other—the clashes will come in the last three weeks—Botafogo, Bangu and Fluminense have all gained the maximum eight points and now have 27, 26 and 23 respectively. Vasco da Gama, with four points from one win and two draws, are the next most successive club and have moved above Flamengo, who have only got one point from their last four matches. Not that, save for Vasco's ascent, this has altered the position in the lower half of the eight-club table because America, Campo Grande and Olaria have likewise collected just one point out of eight!

SIMILAR

Further south around the coast in Brazil, Sao Paulo FC and Santos, the club of Pelé, are having a similar sort of close tussle as Bangu and Botafogo in the Rio Championship—plus the fact that Corinthians are breathing down their necks. Present position—but each week brings a change—is Sao Paulo 38 points, Santos 37, Corinthians 36, Palmeiras 31, Portuguesa Desportos 27—and the rest "nowhere".

In Chile, Universidad de Chile strolled confidently to the championship but the second spot in the South American Champions Cup is still between Universidad Catolica and Colo Colo with, however, Colo Colo's chances sharply cut after losing four-nil to Santiago Morning. In Argentina, the late news is that Independiente are the first *national* championship winners—and Racing, the "world" champions, are down amongst the provincials, Chaco For Ever, Central Cordoba and San Lorenzo (Mar del Plata)! Rather like finding Celtic squeezed in amongst Raith Rovers, Airdrie and Stirling. . .

More next month about the Argentinian season in particular, but just space now for some details about the match I mentioned in passing last month between Chile and Argentina in Santiago. Chile won by three goals to one before a 45,000 crowd. Foullioux opened the scoring in the first half, Reynoso from the penalty spot (after Perfumo had fouled Marcos) made it two before Carone reduced the margin for Argentina. Before the end, after a procession of substitutes, Foullioux completed the scoring.

Chile: Olivares; Berli, Cruz, Quintano, Herrera, Marcos (Hodge), Araya, Prieto, Reynoso (P. Garcia), L. Sanchez (Castro) and Foullioux.

Argentina: Gatti; Gallo, Perfumo, Albrecht, Leonardi, Rulli, Pachamé, Bernao (Pardo), Cardenas (Silva), E. Onego (Fernandez) and Tarabini (Carone).

International Post-Mortem

● *Continued from page 9*

about the Scotland-England match is that we will all be spared the injury handicap that has too often plagued this fixture. Given eleven fit men on both sides throughout the match I think that England, particularly if Stiles is back, will get at least the one point they need. There is in nearly every Scot—and Scottish footballers therefore—what can be kindly described as a strong sense of individualism or, less kindly, can be called a cussed obstinacy. Each Scot in the match will run himself into the ground if need be but will they function *throughout* as a team? It is not being hackneyed to repeat that the strength of England is that it is never eleven players trying to get along with each other—it is a team of good, and some very good, players. It was the *team*, and particularly the defence, that was tested almost to the limit by the Soviet visitors; but a team including one newcomer, Cyril Knowles, and two other "unestablished" players, Alan Mullery and David Sadler, amongst five defenders. Despite these changes, of a number that would stretch the ability of any side, club or national, in the world, not only did England deservedly share the honours in the match but they did so with an equalising goal of the highest quality.

Recall the circumstances—a period of sustained English pressure but with each onslaught beaten off by the fine Soviet defence. Then the ball coming out to Bobby Moore in an orthodox left-half's position with an attack on. The obvious thing for Moore to do—the thought in ninety thousand minds was the hopeful punt back into the still crowded goalmouth. Instead, Moore stroked the ball to Ray Wilson who had advanced on the left ahead of Moore. The attacking sector, and therefore the one to be defended by the Soviet players had been widened and even as they redisposed their forces, Wilson's deliberate centre was sweetly glided into the net by Martin Peters' head. A beautiful *football* goal—rather as if a chess player had declined the obvious check that had nothing to support it, in favour of the two further moves that made checkmate.

It is the control, the thought and the confidence behind such moves that persuades me to look for an English qualification in Group One—but it will not be easy staying controlled in a fever-hot atmosphere!

Strenuous Tours

THE League campaign, which finished on Sunday, November 26, then Ferencvaros played Liverpool in the snow-covered Nepstadium on the following Tuesday and on the next day, two squads of international players started on long, tiring tours of South America. This hectic, non-stop continuous activity characterises present-day Hungarian football. One season hardly finishes—the next one starts almost immediately for the top players, who cannot be expected to maintain their best form consistently for fifty-two weeks of the year. The penalty will have to be paid eventually in results.

I only hope that it will not be a place in the semi-finals of the European Championship that has to be forfeited on account of these South American jaunts. Rudolf Illovszky, national team manager, was in charge of the "A" squad, which consisted of the following seventeen players: Tamas, Gelei, Kaposzta, Matrai, Szucs, Sovari, Pancsics, Mathesz, Gorocs, Rakosi, Zambo, Molnar, Bene, Varga, Farkas, Fister, Dunai. Notable absentees were the three injured warriors—Ihasz and Meszoly of Vasas, and Albert of Ferencvaros.

Karoly Lakat took a good blend of seasoned ex-internationals and promising youngsters on an even longer pilgrimage, and they played under the unexciting label, Hungary "B". (Szentmihalyi, Fata, Bakos, Novak, Solymosi, Juhos, Juhasz, Laczko, Bankuti, Nosko, Szoke, Puskas, Kozma, Fazekas, Csernai, Sikora, Katona.)

The first team's tour started disastrously. After a particularly "eventful" and uncomfortable journey, they were beaten by a small local club in Brazil. FC Curitiba won 1-0, taking full advantage of the fact that the Hungarians were not yet used to the stifling heat and had just lost a night's sleep due to the time difference between the continents.

Big crowd

The second match was a full international in the Aztec stadium in Mexico City, attended by no less than 100,000 people. Varga scored for the Hungarians in the fourth minute, but the home team played very well and Borja equalised before half-time. The second-half was all Mexico—Bustos getting the winning goal. This was a painful defeat for the touring team, although it was generally recognised that Mexican football has improved tremendously since the World Cup and they will be a formidable force in front of their own supporters in 1970.

Hungary did not have to wait long for revenge, they beat Mexico three days later in the return match, 2-0, this time in Guadalajara. The match started once again with an early goal, headed by Dunai, and in the 18th minute, a truly brilliant move put Bene through, who scored with a great shot.

The "Magyars" played splendidly in this game and Illovszky was satisfied that the earlier displays were due to the problems of acclimatisation. This theory was proved correct in the remaining two matches, both very entertaining, high scoring affairs—good propaganda for football. The first, a ding-dong encounter against Chile, brought no less than nine goals. Both goalkeepers made elementary mistakes but the large crowd in Santiago de Chile thoroughly enjoyed this unexpected "goal fiesta". Hungary were two goals

Hungarian Newsletter

in front after 15 minutes, Chile equalised, then 3-2, 3-3, 4-3, 4-4! The decisive goal of this crazy match was scored in the 82nd minute, when Kaposzta overlapped on the right and his centre was headed home by Bene.

The final game of the tour was played in Buenos Aires versus the "Rattin-team", Boca Juniors. The result was a satisfactory draw (3-3). The visitors played better in the first-half and the Argentinians dominated the game in the second.

Five matches in four different countries, 33,000 miles travelling, two victories, one draw, two defeats, these are the bare facts, but was it really worth it? Illovszky answers: "Yes, definitely, it was a magnificent advertisement for Hungarian football, we have made friends everywhere. Apart from a small incident in the second Mexico match, the games were played in the best sporting spirit. We have shown that European and South American footballers are not incompatible, provided the players go on the pitch with the right mental attitude.

"The results could have been better, but they were influenced by outside circumstances. I have no complaints about my players. They all gave me 100 per cent effort. Outstanding members of the touring party were, Gorocs, who worked midfield like a Trojan, Varga and Bene—both of them quite brilliant at times. Of the two goalkeepers, Tamas was the more consistent, the defence did not have a happy time and Farkas only played well in Santiago."

For statistically minded readers, here are the results and scorers:

v. FC Curitiba ..... L 0-1 (Oromar).
v. Mexico ..... L 1-2 (Varga—Borja, Bustos).
v. Mexico ..... W 2-0 (Dunai, Bene).
v. Chile ..... W 5-4 (Farkas 3, Dunai, Bene—Sanchez 2, Reynoso, Hodge).
v. Boca Juniors ..... D 3-3 (Bene, Rakosi, Gorocs—C. Rojas, Novello, Cabrera).

The "B" squad had a very satisfactory tour, a pleasant surprise indeed after the inglorious season they had experienced previously—at last there will be a few serious challengers for places in the full international team. The balance sheet reads: Played 10, won 7, drew 3, lost 0, goals for 21, against 6! Details:

v. Millonarios (Bogota) W 4-0 (Kozma 2, Puskas, Novak).
v. Czechoslovak Olympic Team (Bogota) ..... D 3-3 (Puskas, Katona, Csernai).
v. Emelec (Ecuador) . W 2-0 (Solymosi, Csernai).
v. Universitario de Deportes (Peru) ... W 4-0 (Kozma 2, Puskas, Fazekas).
v. Millonarios (Bogota) D 1-1 (Puskas).
v. Deportivo (Columbia) ..... W 4-1 (Laczko, Fazekas 2, Puskas).
v. Saprissa (Costa Rica) ..... W 3-1 (Fazekas 2, Kozma).
v. Montagua (Honduras) ..... W 4-0 (Fazekas, Kozma, Szoke, Csernai).
v. Municipal (Guatemala) ..... W 2-0 (Puskas, Nosko).
v. Guatemala Olympic Team ..... D 0-0

Most of the players went home only for a few days, in order to spend the holidays with their families and to change from their international shirts into their club colours. The reason? Vasas, Ujpesti Dozsa and Gyor were off on club tours in the early days of January. Destination? You have guessed—South America!

Ferencvaros will follow suit in February, hoping that Albert—a great box-office draw—will be able to play by then.

The club managements claim that these tours will be ideal preparations for the rigours of the season ahead. I am rather sceptical about this reasoning, but one thing is certain, there will be plenty of rude remarks made on Hungarian pitches next year—in Spanish!

The year 1968 will be a very testing one for Hungarian football, obviously the final stages of the European Championship and the Olympic Games are the most important targets. The spring half of the League campaign will start on March 3 and finish on June 20.

The most significant innovation will be the introduction of 13-man teams—a goalkeeper and another player can be substituted for any reason. I applaud this decision, it could only have beneficial effects. The transfer market has been very quiet so far, but the annual game of managerial musical-chairs is in full swing. There are many small provincial teams, who will be hoping that their new man will work a miracle for them next year.

Soos signed

Biggest news in this field is the announcement that Karoly Soos, the prodigal son recently returned from East Germany, has been put in charge of the national team in succession to Illovszky.

Another important contract was the one signed by Kalman Preiner, who became the top man at Honved. Preiner, an excellent coach, was responsible for the very successful international youth team until now. Given time, he is just the man who can build up a "new" Honved team worthy of the great past of this famous club.

Vasas are delighted with the "Benfica draw" in the European Cup. Not only because the Portuguese champions are off-form just now, but they play clever, artistic football, not the robust physical game and Vasas are better equipped to cope with the former than with the latter. The Hungarians believe that they have an excellent chance to reach the semi-finals.

Last, but by no means least, I would like to congratulate Florian Albert who has been elected as the European Player of the Year! A well-deserved achievement, the first time ever that a Hungarian footballer was so honoured. Albert did have a marvellous season—I personally sang his praises loud and clear in this column, many times. Now I can only say once again—well done Flori!

★ *LESLIE VERNON*

CRAMER WILL STAY WITH FIFA

LEADING FIFA coach Dettmar Cramer took 24 hours to decide that he did not want to become Austria's next national team boss.

by W. ROBIN PARKE

The Austrian Football Association, faced with a steady decline in their fortunes, racked with internal trouble, saw in the dedicated German coach the strong man they needed. But Cramer declined.

Instead Cramer has decided to extend his present contract with FIFA until June, 1959, when he will probably return to Germany and help coach the West German side for the 1970 World Cup series in Mexico.

It is easy to understand why the Austrians were so keen to get Cramer. He is one of Europe's top coaches, with an impressive record behind him.

At present he is on a year long trip round the soccer-playing nations of South East Asia on behalf of FIFA. He is spending a month in each country coaching national, youth and schoolboy teams — and giving detailed instruction to trainers and coaches.

He has been so successful that, even before the Austrian job came up, the Asian Football Confederation had decided to approach FIFA asking them to let Cramer stay in Asia for another year.

"We feel that his presence here is absolutely necessary for the furthering and improvement of soccer in Asia," said a spokesman for the Confederation. "He has earned the respect and admiration of players and officials everywhere."

Staying there

Cramer himself wants to stay in the Far East. But FIFA have sugested sending him to English speaking countries in Africa and Central America. "However, when they hear my own personal wishes—and with the Asian Football Confederation fighting for me, I hope they will decide to let me stay here," he said.

Cramer helped West German national team boss Helmut Schön prepare the team for the 1966 World Cup series in England. He first came into prominence on the German scene away back in 1954 when he was assistant to manager Sepp Herberger when Germany beat Hungary in the World Cup final in Switzerland. Since then he has coached Germany's youth and amateur international sides.

With that background he was just the kind of man the ailing Austrian national side badly needed. He was first approached by the Austrian FA some months ago but they followed it up with a terse cable, giving him 24 hours to make up his mind. That was just before the New Year when he was coaching in Hong Kong.

"It was one of the most difficult decisions I have ever had to make," said Cramer. "I have many good friends in Austria and Germany and they were keen for me to come.

"In the end I decided against taking the job simply because I feel there are much harder tasks for me in Asia and other developing football countries. I like hard work—that is the way I am made and I cannot change it.

"I am convinced, however, that Austrian football can soon be great again. Don't forget that up until 1954 they were in the very top bracket in world soccer. They still have very good players and a strong man could develop them," he said.

Cramer made no bones about the fact that he did not want to walk into an internal row in Austria. "At the moment, unfortunately, a division exists between Vienna and the provinces. They are not pulling together and this is one of the biggest problems Austria faces," he said. "I would not like to work in that kind of atmosphere."

Cramer's decision came as a blow to Austrian officials but the Asian Football Confederation were understandably delighted. Cramer himself commented, before leaving for Taiwan (Formosa)—"I believe I made the right choice."

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European Leagues Review
by ROGER MACDONALD

LATINS IN DEPTH

ONCE again Spain and Italy show, in terms of depth, the strongest representation in the three European Cups: only they, as 1968 arrived, had survivors in each of the competitions. Real Madrid and Juventus were left in the European Cup proper; Valencia and AC Milan in the Cup-Winners' Cup; Atletico Bilbao and Bologna in the Fairs' Cup. The decline of Tottenham, and Cologne's unexpected failure against Rangers in extra time, confined England and West Germany's interest to but two of the three tournaments. Only three teams, moreover, seemed to have serious hopes of a double—national league and European trophy—Manchester United, edging ahead in England with a long, unbeaten run; AC Milan, clear of the Italian field; Rangers, profiting from Celtic's goal-keeping errors to keep a precarious lead after New Year. Ferencvaros swept all before them to wrest the Hungarian championship from Vasas; but injury to Albert, Europe's Footballer of the Year, Geczi's illness and the transfer of Matrai to the newly-promoted Egyetertes, threatened to put the Fairs Cup beyond their powers.

Gates are up: enormously in England, slightly in Spain, Italy and Scotland. West Germany, losing the novelty of a national league, have a declining average—from the 1965 peak, 29,200, to 24,300. But Nuremburg, who move on relentlessly towards the championship have increased their *average* by a staggering 21,600. Their mean attendance of 42,300 put them third in Europe, behind Real Madrid and Manchester United, who have crept ahead of the Spanish champions for the first time since the era of Alfredo Di Stefano.

ITALY

THE rehabilitation of Rivera, back at his brilliant, most tantalising best, and the discovery of Prati—at 21, a striker of huge promise and talent—allowed AC Milan to set the pace. After 13 matches they were still unbeaten, and beginning to win rather than draw.

A 2-1 victory at Brescia, always a particularly difficult team to beat on their own ground, put Milan ahead. After a furious start Sormani juggled past two defenders on the wing and chipped his centre to Prati, whose header, in the 24th minute, was quite unstoppable. Four minutes from time Schnellinger found Prati with a long pass out of his own penalty area. Prati made a little ground and suddenly let fly without looking up; the ball sped into Brescia's goal like a bullet, from all of 30 yards. Brescia rallied with a penalty by D'Alesi, but it came too late to disturb Milan's composure.

Naples, playing on the Saturday, drew 1-1 at Juventus; another brilliant goal by their one-man forward-line, Jose Altafini, saving them once again. The new international hero, Luigi Riva, and England's permanent mercenary, Gerry Hitchens, scored Cagliari's goals against Spal; they were enough to put the Sardinian club temporarily into third place.

Brescia was again beaten, 1-0 by Juventus, who showed remarkable stamina after a 36-hour journey from Bucharest, where a goalless draw against Rapid put them into the quarter-finals of the European Cup. The winning goal in the League came in the 29th minute from De Paoli, who is a native of . . . Brescia.

AC continued their success with an excellent 3-2 victory at Torino, where Hamrin, still a great match-winner, scored twice with barely room to play the ball. Torino pulled back to 3-2 with a superb goal by Combin, a flashing right-foot shot that brought the crowd to its feet; but even the Franco-Argentinian could not find another gap.

Rivera took time off from scheming to score the first goal against Bologna before 70,000 after sensational footwork. Germani gave Milan the psychological boost of a second goal before half-time, and Prati, rising to the occasion, scored twice with splendid opportunism to settle the match.

Internazionale fielded 10 different teams in 10 league fixtures, an indication of Herrera's desperate efforts to find a successful combination. But so close was the championship that merely by winning two games, Inter shot up to eighth and third place, then, losing again, back to seventh. In a dreadful defensive match Torino used two free-backs, Trebli and Polchi, yet lost to a freak goal, scored by Dotti (Picchi's successor) in the 85th minute from 40 yards with a centre that sneaked in under the bar. It infuriated Torino's manager, Edmundo Fabbri, who wished to avoid defeat by his arch-enemy's team at all costs. But Herrera could really thank Sarti, who made two incredible saves from free-kicks by Combin, who can hit a dead ball like a siege-gun.

Inter then tried Corso as an orthodox winger against Sampdoria, a successful tactic, for they won 2-0 and both goals came from his passes. But Suarez, who played magnificently, was not closely marked; he was the following week by Juventus, who gave nothing away. Inter held them at half-time, when Domenghini equalised Cinesinho's opening goal, but Juventus pulled away through De Paoli and Bercellino. Cappellini scored on time, to make the result seem much closer on paper than it was on the field.

Biggest crowds . . . in the tenth week, when 340,000 watched eight matches—70,000 at Florence and Naples, 60,000 at Rome, 40,000 at Milan and Turin, 20,000 at Venice, Ferrara and Varese. Biggest coincidence . . . when Roma and Cagliari were involved in a brawl, Boninsegna and the Roma goalkeeper, Ginulfi, being sent off, and the following day the teams travelled together, in resentful silence, on an aircraft to Vienna.

Biggest surprise . . . Varese, rising to second and third place after beating Napoli (who had Altafini absent injured) and Cagliari. They might have won in the snow at Bologna had not a shot from Clerici struck Picchi and ricochetted into the net. Nevertheless their president, Signor Borghi, was so pleased with their position that he took the whole team and their families to Monte Carlo for a holiday. Some of the players had little luck at the Casino: like all good Italian footballers, they bet mainly on zero.

SPAIN

BY their own high standards, a disastrous month for the Madrid clubs. Real took two points from three games, and lost by three clear goals at Pontevedra; Atletico took only one point in the same period, and lost by five clear goals at Bilbao.

Aletico Bilbao are always liable to produce one really sensational performance every season: this time they reserved it for Atletico, previously unbeaten, with only seven goals conceded in 11 matches. Atletico Madrid arrived only 25 minutes before the kick-off, because their plane had been delayed by a storm; several of their players were still green about the gills when they took the field. Bilbao scored four goals in the first-half, and although Atletico pulled themselves together in the second, the 6-1 defeat was fully indicative of their defensive disarray.

On the same day, Espanol Barcelona held what seemed a decisive lead over Valencia, 4-1 at half-time, but fell to pieces in the second period. Waldo scored three goals in 20 minutes and Valencia won 5-4: a sensational victory.

While Bilbao stayed on the boil with three goals in a draw at Valencia, eight against Betis Seville (five by the young international, Uriate), all Atletico Madrid could manage was one by Luis. Even that was deflected by a Las Palmas defender, and could not prevent a 2-1 defeat in front of their own spectators. It was enough to give Barcelona a temporary lead in the championship, although Atletico regained first place, precariously, with a dull, goalless draw against Valencia in Madrid.

Real, meanwhile, drew 1-1 with Barcelona before 30,000—a small crowd for them, but in bitter cold after a snowfall in the morning. Artigas surprisingly left out Muller, who usually does so well at Madrid. He seemed to have paid the penalty when Amancio was flattened after 65 minutes and Gento implacably converted the disputed (naturally) penalty. But 12 miutes from time Betancort and Zunzunegi, both recalled by Munoz, left the ball to each other and Zaldua sprinted in to score. On the whole, not a good afternoon for managers.

Pontevedra, who had beaten the rising Las Palmas 3-0, promptly inflicted a defeat by the same score on Real Madrid, their largest reverse for some months. Real were a goal down after three minutes and never in the game. They played better at Las Palmas the following Sunday, but then Real have yet to lose at the Insular stadium. Felix Ruiz, replacing the injured Grosso, scored first, but Germano equalised and Gilberto put Las Palmas ahead with a tremendous shot. Pirri, who had a superb match, saved a point for Real, and Amancio missed an open goal a minute from the end. But defeat would have been unjust for Las Palmas, for they played throughout the second-half with three players painfully injured.

At the other end of the table lie Elche, capable of the best (4-2 v. Seville) and the worst (1-5 at Real Sociedad) in successive weeks. If they go down, it will only confirm that the divinity of Di Stefano was with his feet and not with his head.

The Sporting team which inflicted the first defeat on Benfica in the Portuguese championship. Picture includes: Carvalho, Pedro Gommes, Armando, Alexandre Baptista, Hilario, Barao, Goncalves, Marinho, Lourenco, Figureiredo, Peres. (Marques.)

HOLLAND

A WEEK'S rest dictated by the snow which, at the same time, disrupted soccer in Britain, did Feijenoord no good. Watched by 42,000, they had all the play against Xerxes DHC, an unpretentious club in danger of relegation, yet lost by the only goal of the game. The damage was done by two Yugoslavs, Joncic, who organised Xerxes' defence quite brilliantly; and Radovic, who thundered in the goal when Israel lamentably bungled an interception. Feijenoord had 33 minutes left to save the match, but not even Moulijn could get past defenders who covered and tackled like demons.

Ajax took two precious points on the same afternoon with a determined performance at Deventer against Go-Ahead, misnamed because on their own ground they fall back . . . and further back. But Ajax silenced the 27,000 crowd with a 25-minute goal, headed spectacularly by Cruyff, whose second international suspension Holland can ill-afford. Go-Ahead had to come out, and Veenstra and Niehus each put the ball in the Ajax net; but both shots were disallowed, properly, by the referee.

Cruyff confirmed that he had regained his shooting powers with two fine goals against Telstar in Amsterdam. Telstar resisted stubbornly for 40 minutes, but Cruyff's cleverly flighted corner found Nuninga unmarked and the flood gates were open. Or would have been, but for a marvellous performance by Telstar's goalkeeper, Van der Meeren, who prevented a humiliation.

Feijenoord, meanwhile, were having trouble with another goalkeeper, the young international Van Beveren, who stopped everything but a close-range shot by Geels on the hour. Until then Sparta looked capable of victory, earned by Bosveld's early goal after beating two defenders with a shrug of his shoulders. Now Kindvall twice came within a few inches of scoring; but with Pieters-Graafland slow and uncertain between their own posts, Feijenoord were glad to settle for a draw.

So Ajax went top of the table, but while they were disposing of Volewijakers 4-1 in the first-round of the Dutch Cup, Feijenoord regained the lead by converting their match in hand into two points—4-0 against DWS after a vigorous first-half.

Ajax, though, must remain favourites to keep their championship. They seem likely to be reinforced by the Swedish international, Inge Danielsson, who has played for them already in a friendly at Tel Aviv. But Danielsson may not have his transfer from Halsingborg sanctioned by the Swedish FA, for he has already appeared in a friendly for Nuremberg, back on November 28. Even amateur footballers are not allowed to send themselves out on approval.

PORTUGAL

THE unrest at Benfica finally had an effect on their play when they lost to their great rivals, Sporting: yet another leader to relinquish an unbeaten record. Indeed it was only the firepower of Eusebio, still a formidable goalscorer in the surrealistic Portuguese league, that kept them narrowly ahead of Setubal and Porto.

On a Thursday, Benfica lost 1-0 at St. Etienne in the European Cup and Riera published his latest ultimatum (see World Diary) to the directors. By the following Tuesday his assistant, Cabrita, was in charge and Benfica were winning 3-1 against CUF. Augusto scored the first, Eusebio the second and Coluna, who had his best game for some time, got the third. Eusebio promptly scored all four goals at San Joanense, a rapidly improving team who had no answer to an even more improved Benfica.

Then, before 25,000 at Lisbon, the Eagles beat the team that dogged their heels for so long last season, Academica, in a tense and fluctuating match. Benfica deliberately tried to slow down the play, using their full-backs, Raul and Jacinto, as supplementary attackers. After 38 minutes they took the lead through Torres, who headed in a free-kick after much pushing and even more protesting. Academica equalised straight from the kick-off when Carlos centred and Artur Jorge headed in, and a draw seemed probable. But Eusebio, flinging himself full length through the air, headed a stunning goal that left Brassard equally prostrate with astonishment.

Sporting, though, creeping slowly up the table, ended Benfica's fine run. They were ahead in four minutes, when Figuereido, apparently left with too difficult an angle, somehow screwed his shot inside the post. Then, after 21 minutes, Peres centred on the run and Lourenco headed a second goal past the motionless defence. At 2-0, Benfica were in trouble, not helped by the poor shooting of Jacinto and José Augusto, or the cynicism of the referee, when Nelson was upended in the penalty area.

After half-time Coluna, who found the pace too much for him, reverted to free-back, moving Jacinto into midfield. Benfica's attack began to look more menacing, and soon Eusebio was obstructed in the area. The referee awarded a harsh penalty, which Eusebio, apparently out of breath, would not take; Jacinto took a long run and scored.

The game became violent and precipitate; almost every attack ended with a free-kick, as players swung punches, jostled and argued with one another. Eventually Coluna and Figuereido, who were having a kicking match in midfield, attracted the attention of the referee and were sent off.

● *Continued on page 25*

The BOBBY CHARLTON story

So much achieved and more to come

writes ***PHILIP RISING***

A trump card in any England or Manchester United team, Bobby Charlton enjoys a game of poker during an England get-together. And with three aces and two kings (a full house) he is on the winning trail again. With Bobby are brother Jack, Peter Bonetti, Martin Peters and Bobby Moore. (A.)

WHEN I first began to regularly join the queues outside the boys' entrances of the various London Football League grounds, complete with the all important rattle, scarf, rosette (usually of the visiting team) and autograph book, the name of Stanley Matthews was an established legend.

I was not too late to actually see Matthews play in the flesh although my most vivid memory of his brilliance, the 1953 FA Cup Final, came via the television screen.

He was still a phenomenon in that famous number seven tangerine shirt of Blackpool and although well past his prime, never failed to produce his exclusive magic and a spell of utter fascination that, to me, only one other footballer has managed to emulate.

That player is Bobby Charlton who, to this day, remains top of my personal hit parade.

During my early days on the terraces Charlton was just beginning to make his mark in that superb pre-Munich Manchester United team.

Since then this Ashington-born member of a famous footballing family has made a tremendous contribution to the success of England and Manchester United during the past twelve years. One has only to study his personal list of honours to appreciate the many different success stories in which he has figured more than prominently.

His collection of medals includes: three League Championship, one runners-up; one FA Cup winners' medal, two losers' medals; and, of course probably the most prized, a World Cup winners' medal. Of the 81 full internationals in which he has played only 17 have been lost, with 46 won. He was England's Footballer of the Year in 1966 and European Footballer of the Year in 1967.

An impressive scroll for a player and gentleman who is admired both on and off the field of play by millions, not only in Britain but all parts of the Continent as well. Not simply for his abundant ability but manner, behaviour and loyalty, too.

Further proof of his immaculate conduct? Since he made his First Division debut against Charlton Athletic in October 1956 he has received just two cautions. One was in this season's Charity Shield encounter with Tottenham Hotspur, for a minor argument with the referee over the position of a free-kick, and the other in England's infamous World Cup match against Argentina for an offence that was almost totally obscure.

I am by no means a puritan and can understand some of the behaviour evident in contemporary soccer yet Charlton's attitude, free of petty tantrums and outbursts of temperament, is as refreshing as an ice-cream stall in the middle of the Sahara.

400 FOR UNITED

	League (goals in brackets)	Cup
1956/57:	14 (10)	2 (1)
1957/58:	21 (8)	7 (5)
1958/59:	38 (29)	1
1959/60:	37 (17)	3 (3)
1960/61:	39 (21)	3
1961/62:	37 (8)	6 (2)
1962/63:	28 (7)	6 (2)
1963/64:	40 (9)	7 (2)
1964/65:	41 (10)	7
1965/66:	38 (16)	7
1966/67:	42 (12)	2
1967/68:	25 (11)	–

Charlton has been the idol of Old Trafford for a long time now. Neither the arrival of Denis Law nor the amazing progress of George Best has reduced his tremendous popularity with the thousands of United followers.

And what is more . . . I am a member of the school of thought voicing the opinion that the modest Charlton is a better player now than at any stage of his long and distinguished career.

I believe he has found more satisfaction and enjoyment out of his current role in the Manchester United and England formats—as the principal midfield linkman—than in any of his previous positions—a goalscoring forward and outside-left.

He has thrived, matured and developed a far more intelligent football brain with the increased responsibility thrust upon him; consequently his tactical appreciation of the game has been considerably enhanced and he works harder and to better purpose.

In addition there has been more scope for use of his outstanding shooting power . . . as illustrated recently in his 400th League match, against West Ham, when he picked up a loose ball early in the first half and whipped a right foot shot of startling ferocity into the net.

I wonder whether there has ever been a footballer so wonderfully two-footed as Charlton, probably his greatest asset. The manner in which he distributes those long, raking passes with either foot and almost casual ease and simplicity; a sinuous dribble complete with deft feints, incredibly deceptive body swerves and rapid footwork; these are examples of football at its classical best.

His qualities are numerous, his faults few. He is not a strong tackler although I remember watching him, sleeves rolled high, perform admirably at left-back for England against Scotland at Wembley in 1965, after Ray Wilson had left the field injured. He could, perhaps, be more skilled in the air, although in my opinion this weakness, if it can be called that, deducts nothing from his overall effectiveness.

Charlton, of course, was born to be a footballer. His initial memories of the game revolve around impromptu street matches in Ashington with uncles Jack, George and Jim of Leeds United and Stan of Leicester City.

Football was almost a family tradition and it wasn't financial appeal that influenced young Bobby's decision. His uncles were considered well paid at £8 per week!

Another encouraging figure during the early life of Mrs. Charlton's second son was her cousin, Jackie Milburn, idol of Newcastle United and one of England's greatest centre-forwards. So Bobby was never short of advice and the experience of others but neither was he badgered into the professional bracket.

At one time Charlton was due to go to Morpeth Grammar, a rugby playing school, and was horrified by the prospect of swapping a round ball for an oval one. Fortunately he managed a "transfer" and it was while at Bedlington Grammar that Manchester United first came into the life of Bobby Charlton.

The headmaster of the school which brother Jack attended was a friend of United scout Joe Armstrong. One thing led to another and Joe travelled north to watch Bobby in action for East Northumberland Boys.

Joe liked what he saw and without further ado asked Bobby if he would like to join United when he left school. Although it was some time later that the actual signing took place, and in the meantime a number of other clubs came into the picture, it was that initial impression made by Armstrong that clinched matters.

At Old Trafford his potential was in capable hands and the early grooming that took place has had an obvious effect. It was then that the foundations of loyalty to Manchester United and complete respect for manager Matt Busby and his staff were laid. United have reaped the benefit of that initial training and theirs has been the perfect marriage.

Busby has had a decided influence on Charlton's career. Typical was his reaction when Bobby announced his intended wedding: "When I told him I intended to get married he immediately showed a deep and genuine interest. 'It's a great thing for a player to settle down and start a home,' he said, 'it will make you more mature as a person and that will help you to play better.' His prediction, of course, was right. I have been a better player as a married man than I was as a bachelor, for two reasons I think. Firstly, for the feeling of security, a home, wife and children gives me and secondly because the temptation to racket around isn't there. With the responsibility that marriage has given me comes a deeper respect for the game."*

He survived, mentally and physically, the Munich tragedy—ten years ago this month—which thrust upon him substantial responsibilities for the reconstruction of Manchester United.

With so much already achieved, Charlton's unfulfilled ambitions in football must be few. The European Cup is the number one target, as much for the sake of Matt Busby as for himself.

As I write, United face a tough quarter-final tie against Górnik Zabrze, who displayed their strength in defeating Dynamo Kiev, conquerors of Celtic. Busby and Charlton have had many disappointments in Europe but there is considerable confidence that they can emulate Celtic and bring the Champions' Cup to Britain.

On an international scale Charlton is no doubt hoping that he will be in Mexico come 1970, helping England to successfully defend the Jules Rimet trophy.

I'm sure he will be there. Despite the fact that Charlton has been in the limelight for so long he will only be 32 years old in 1970; by no means a veteran.

Time will eventually take its toll and the glamour surrounding Bobby Charlton will fade. His magic will naturally decline but I look forward to adding to my vast collection of memories supplied, in the course of my football duty, by the man they call "Bobby Dazzler".

* *From Forward For England (Pelham Books, 30s.) by Bobby Charlton.*

81 FOR ENGLAND

1957/58: v. Scotland, Portugal, Yugoslavia.

1958/59: v. Ireland, Russia, Wales, Scotland, Italy, Brazil, Peru, Mexico, USA.

1959/60: v. Wales, Sweden, Scotland, Yugoslavia, Spain, Hungary.

1960/61: v. Ireland, Luxembourg, Spain, Wales, Scotland, Mexico, Portugal, Italy, Austria.

1961/62: v. Luxembourg, Wales, Portugal, Ireland, Austria, Scotland, Switzerland, Peru, Hungary, Argentina, Bulgaria, Brazil.

1962/63: v. France, Scotland, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Switzerland.

1963/64: v. Wales, FIFA, Ireland, Scotland, Uruguay, Portugal, Eire, USA, Brazil, Argentina.

1964/65: v. Ireland, Holland, Scotland.

1965/66: v. Wales, Austria, Ireland, Spain, West Germany, Scotland, Yugoslavia, Finland, Norway, Poland, Uruguay, Mexico, France, Argentina, Portugal, West Germany.

1966/67: v. Ireland, Czechoslovakia, Wales, Scotland.

1967/68: v. Wales, Ireland, Russia.

P	W	D	L
81	46	18	17

One of Bobby Charlton's 150 plus League goals for Manchester United. On the receiving end of a Charlton rocket on this occasion are Manchester City during a derby match earlier this season. Charlton hit two goals in this encounter. (A.)

In North America

WORLD CLUB CUP FINAL FOR USA?

by COLIN JOSE

THE unofficial World Club Championship is over for another year, and the furore that the second "Battle of the River Plate" has caused around the world will undoubtedly bring about changes in this competition.

One of the decisions that will have to be faced is whether to continue the present format of playing one game in Europe, one in South America, and a decider if needed in a neutral nation close to the venue of the second game.

While the present set-up ensures big crowds and that supporters of both teams get to see at least one game, it has always provoked crowd trouble and led to suggestions that the games be played in a neutral nation preferably somewhere between Europe and South America.

If as a result of irresponsible crowd behaviour we must take the games away from home crowds, then there is no convenient mid-Atlantic island (unless of course we can raise Atlantis) where they can be played and so we must look elsewhere, namely to the land masses bordering the Atlantic and yet not directly involved.

Crowd Trouble

Central America has been suggested at times, but here again we are likely to run into the kind of crowd trouble that we are seeking to avoid, and the same applies to the west coast of Africa. This leaves just one alternative (if we have to have a neutral ground between the continents) — namely North America.

Many people will scoff at the suggestion that an important tournament be played on a continent where soccer is as yet an also-ran in the sports field, but this may not be as ludicrous as it first looks.

This competition to date has brought about violent scenes both on and off the field, usually in the games played in South America. We could not expect quite the same kind of crowd reaction here, although trouble could undoubtedly be experienced in cities with large ethnic populations, as was shown this past summer in New York and Toronto.

If we wish to avoid the scenes that occurred in Buenos Aires and Montevideo then North America presents the only logical alternative, and the partisan fans will have to be content with watching the game on television, as punishment for their own ridiculous behaviour.

Obviously the clubs could not expect to have attendances in the eighty or ninety-thousand bracket, but we could have the World Club Championship played in much saner conditions than those which prevailed on the River Plate in October, and there is always the possibility that it could help to promote the game here a little more.

Should whoever controls this championship in future decide to play it on the North American continent then they could have a choice of stadiums stretching from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. If as it has been hinted, FIFA is ready to take control then high on their list of possible locations will be the Houston Astrodome.

The Astrodome would be an auspicious arena in which to hold the first official World Club Championship, and attendances there in the United Soccer Association and the exhibition games this past season were excellent, and not marred by any indication of unruly crowd behaviour.

St. Louis is also a good soccer city and has the facilities for handling a game of this nature, as does Vancouver and Los Angeles, where good (for North America) attendances could be expected.

Toronto and New York will have big question marks over them because of their large ethnic groups, and the problems this caused during the visits of Italian teams this past summer.

Because the competition is normally played in October many people will question Canada as a possible venue. However contrary to the image shared by a number of people Canada is not entirely a land of igloos, Eskimos and Indians (there are a few British people here and it is even rumoured some Frenchmen) and soccer is played all winter long in the balmy climate on the west coast, with only occasional postponements for the weather. (See Canadians' Offer to Iced-up Britain — WORLD SOCCER, March 1963.) It is also possible to play soccer in Toronto up until the end of October.

If the idea of a best of three series is retained then all the games could be played in one stadium, or they could be shared between three different cities.

Any first-class competition held here will require that top-class referees be imported, for with all due respect to North American referees they are not as yet up to this standard. A more neutral crowd reaction coupled with FIFA appointed referees might also reduce the problems on the field.

Certainly if FIFA does take control then the possibility of playing the next World Club Championship in North America bears some serious consideration.

North American referees received a great deal of criticism during the 1967 season. This criticism came from officials, players, spectators and the foreign press.

This is the first time that they had come under the spotlight, with the world watching the American soccer experiment with interested eyes.

I am sure that they would be the first to admit that they, in general, cannot match European standards or those in many other parts of the world, but soccer would be in a sorry state without them.

In the United Soccer Association mini-league games inexperienced (in handling games between top club sides) referees were often taken advantage of by experienced players. Responsible instead of childish acts by players of international standing could have prevented many incidents.

The success or failure of the American soccer experiment rests on these next few years and players who are here to help to promote the game and only do it discredit, could be cutting their own throats. For if soccer succeeds they might well find lucrative employment here in the future.

Right across the soccer world today referees are coming in for more and more abuse and ill-treatment by players and fans alike and the number of new recruits goes down and down.

All of us have yelled our disagreement with a referee's decision many times and all referees, no matter what the sport, expect this and accept it as part of the job.

But abuse and bad treatment are different things altogether and unless they are stamped out quickly then the shortage of referees will grow more and more acute. This is one area where all players can and should set an example, for after all, without referees they wouldn't have a job.

Overshadowed

The National Professional Soccer League law-suit has overshadowed the official statistics of the league's first season, some of which have only just come to hand.

As I indicated earlier, Yanko Daucik of the Toronto Falcons won the scoring championship which was computed on the basis of two points for a goal and one for an assist. In second place was Willie Roy of the Chicago Spurs and it is interesting to note that he is an American-born player who has played all his soccer in the United States.

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

Yanko Daucik, Toronto ...	20	8	48
Willie Roy, Chicago	17	5	39
Eli Durante, Los Angeles	15	5	35
Rudi Kolbl, St. Louis	13	8	34
Manfred Rummel, Pittsb'h	14	4	32
Oscar Lopez, Toronto	13	5	31
Bora Kostic, St. Louis	13	5	31
George Kirby, New York	14	2	30
Ilija Mitic, California	13	3	29
Ernie Winchester, Chicago	13	2	28
Norbert Pogrezeba, S. Louis	11	6	28

Strangely nine of the first eleven are from the Western Division.

The top goalkeeper was Mirko Stojanovic of the California Clippers who allowed just 30 goals in 30 games; he was followed by Sven Lindberg of Atlanta and Terry Adlington of Baltimore.

The final league tables show that Atlanta Chiefs and the Pittsburgh Phantoms failed to complete their schedules in the Eastern Division and this might have changed the final positions. No reasons have been given for the two teams failing to play their final game against each other.

Earlier the league announced its All Star teams as compiled from a poll of the players conducted by the St. Louis *Sporting News*.

First Team: Mirko Stojanovic (California); Badu da Cruz (Baltimore), Ruben Navarro (Philadelphia), Melvyn Scott (California); Juan Santisteban (Baltimore), Ilija Mitic (California); Co Prins (Pittsburgh), Emment Kapengwe (Atlanta), Willie Roy (Chicago), Mario Baesso (California), Art Welch (Baltimore).

Second Team: Manuel Camacho (Chicago); John Borodiak (Philadelphia), Zemaria (Baltimore), Momcilo Gavric (California); Vic Crowe (Atlanta), Trond Hoftvedt (California); Julio Alas (New York), Dragoslav Sekularac (St. Louis), Yanko Daucik (Toronto), Rudi Kolbl (St. Louis), Bora Kostic (St. Louis).

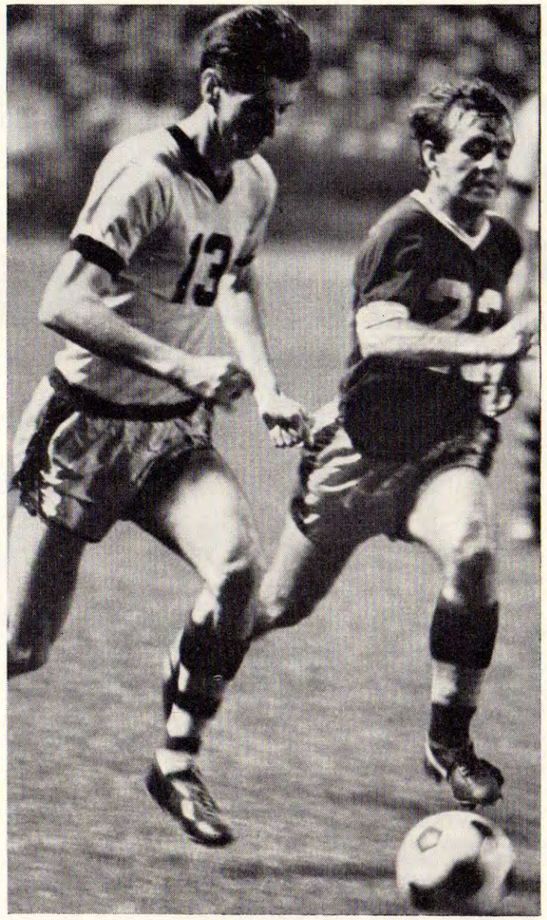
FINAL TABLES

Eastern Division

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Baltimore Bays	**32**	**14**	**9**	**9**	**53**	**47**	**162**
Philadelphia Spartans	32	14	9	9	53	43	157
New York Generals	32	11	8	13	60	58	143
Atlanta Chiefs	31	10	9	12	51	46	135
Pittsburgh Phantoms	31	10	7	14	59	74	132

Western Division

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
California Clippers	**32**	**19**	**5**	**8**	**64**	**34**	**185**
St. Louis Stars	32	14	7	11	54	55	156
Chicago Spurs	32	10	11	11	50	55	142
Toronto Falcons	32	10	5	17	59	70	127
Los Angeles Toros	32	7	10	15	42	61	113



Dietrich Albrecht (13) of Philadelphia Spartans breaks past Julio Alas, of New York Generals, during an evening game at New York's Yankee Stadium. Albrecht was formerly with Blauweiss-gottschee. Alas was voted into the All-Star Second Team. Philadelphia edged the Generals into third place, finishing runners-up in the Eastern Division. (Jerome.)

European Leagues Review

by Roger Macdonald

● *Continued from page* 21

This seemed an excuse for further fights and arguments, in which the ball played little part.

A few minutes from time, Sporting settled the match with a goal so bizarre that it reflected the ill-humour of the proceedings. Peres took a corner and Henrique advanced a long way to intercept it. Unfortunately in the need to watch, simultaneously, the boots of the Sporting players he mishandled, and the ball spun over his head into the net. Desolation for Benfica, who face Vasas in the European Cup with Porto breathing down their necks.

BULGARIA

KOTKOV, continuing to score prolifically, ensured Locomotive Sofia's leadership at the winter break and was awarded the title of Master of Sport for his performance against Portugal in the European Championship.

In the League, Locomotive scored seven against the fourth-placed club, Mineur, who were unable to cope with Kotkov, quite irresistible in the penalty area. He scored three goals and made two more for Mikhailov. The following Sunday, Locomotive survived an early deficit at Botev Vratza to win 2-1; the goals, of course, came from Kotkov, bringing his total to 18 in 15 League matches.

Locomotive stayed ahead of Levski on goal average, but their local rivals did well to win two matches without Asparoukhov, who was hurt against Portugal. They beat Botev Bourgas 2-0 and Locomotive Plovdiv 3-1 away.

Slavia Sofia, for a long time in the relegation zone, won their first home match and have moved into a respectable mid-table position. The architect of victory was Grigorov, who scored three superb goals against Cernomore. You will not have heard of him: he is a discovery of Slavia's trainer, Tachkov, from the Third Division club, Pirdop.

Grigorov scored two more goals in Slavia's 6-0 defeat of Kustendil, in the tough Bulgarian Cup, which has completed the equivalent of the FA Cup Fourth Round. Slavia went through 9-1 on aggregate, but the reigning champions, Trakia, and the league leaders, Locomotive Sofia, came close to the indignity of defeat. Locomotive won 3-2 at Pernik, but lost 1-0 at home, and qualified on penalties. So did Trakia, after two 1-1 draws with Pazardjik; even the penalties were level at 5-5 but Pazardjik missed their third in the second series. The crowd pelted Trakia with tomatoes, which, I remember vividly, are the one commodity Bulgaria always has in abundance: better for missiles than for meals.

PLAYER PORTRAIT: Franz Roth (Bayern Munich)

THE OTHER FRANZ

by KEIR RADNEDGE

ON May 31 last year the majority of football fanatics in this affluent society of ours sat before their television sets to watch one of the most enigmatic of all European Cup finals.

The occasion was the *Recopa* final between Rangers and Bayern Munchen—in Nuremburg. Half Britain's soccer fans expected a Rangers' performance to match Celtic's grand success in the Champions' Cup. And the other half? Well, they probably expected a dominating performance by Bayern's Franz Beckenbauer.

I wasn't expecting either. Rangers, I knew, weren't up to Celtic's high standards. And I also knew that Beckenbauer would be shackled sternly inside his team's own penalty area. Apart from a Bayern victory, I wasn't really expecting anything.

I certainly didn't anticipate witnessing the birth of a new reputation—a further bright star in the Bayern "Heavens of Youth". A player worthy to rank in promise with Gerd Müller and Sepp Maier—if not quite on a par with the majestic Beckenbauer.

This new player's name? Franz Roth.

A 21-year-old who seemed to find rest impossible. Long-legged, a strong tackler, and with a powerful long-range shot. Early on during the game one such remarkable effort nearly brought his side a quick lead. In fact, in his relentless roaming he showed many of the hallmarks of his slightly older team-mate, Beckenbauer—a player, incidentally, whom he much admires.

This resemblance was such that on occasions, when Roth crossed over to the left, and without hesitation pushed a pass into the stride of left-winger Brenninger, one cried: "Beckenbauer," only to realise the mistake when Roth turned, and the number "4" on his shirt was clearly visible.

As you doubtless recall, no one had scored after 90 minutes. Came extra time. Roth's stamina, which had carried him dauntless up until then, began to wane. Those dynamic sorties upfield were replaced with a weary watchfulness. Roth held back in defence most of the time now. Even if Bayern didn't score the winner, then Rangers would certainly not!

With twelve minutes left to play, Bayern broke quickly from defence. Inside-right "Oki" Ohlhauser lobbed a long pass through the inside-right position. It was a fine pass, and Roth's tremendous running was equally worthy. Doggedly he just outpaced McKinnon. The pass was speeding past him. He had no time in which to look, and pick his spot. The result was the *Recopa* for Bayern, and fame for Roth as the ball crashed past Martin into the roof of the net.

A week later Franz Roth was sweating out a bout of influenza, in bed at his home in Munich's Lenzfriedstrasse. Under Doctor's orders he lay there for almost a week. Then ten days after the *Recopa* success, Roth took to his feet again, and played (heavily drugged) against Hamburg in the German Cup Final.

If the HSV forwards had really hit the form they were capable of, then Roth could well have proved the weak link in what must have been a tired Bayern side. But fortunately the northerners' football proved anaemic, to say the least. Roth's direct midfield opponent, Hans Schulz, couldn't put a foot right all afternoon.

Eventually Bayern won the match 4-0, Roth had a second medal to add to his collection. Not bad going after a mere twelve months as a professional!

Roth was born just outside Munich, on April 27, 1946, and played a number of years with a completely insignificant Amateurliga side named Sp.Vgg Kaufbeuren. It was from this club that he came to Bayern, shortly before the start of the World Cup finals.

A fortnight after the 1966 World Cup final, Bayern played a friendly match against *Regionaliga* side SV Waldhof. The game was played in Waldhof, and before a mere 4,000 spectators. Both Beckenbauer and Maier were enjoying belated holidays. Peter Werner and Rudi Grosser lined-up in midfield for Bayern, but when the teams changed around after the interval, Grosser didn't reappear. Roth was "blooded" in his stead—playing for the first time with the seniors.

His league debut came in the second match of the season, away to Fortuna Düsseldorf. With Gerd Müller in midfield, Roth was called upon to lead the attack. He showed some useful touches, but the team never really clicked.

Roth was picked at centre-forward again the following week. For the second game in succession Bayern drew 0-0, this time at home to Hannover. The following week "Tschik" Cajkovski's side visited Karlsruhe, and won 6-1. Roth scored his first goal in *Bundesliga* — from outside-right! Came a further game at centre-forward, and then he was dropped.

However, he jumped back into favour when Bayern journeyed to Czechoslovakia to play Tatran Presov, in Bayern's first game in their attempt on the *Recopa*. Before being injured just after the start of the second-half, Roth was his side's most dangerous player.

He even scored their goal in the one-all draw. But the leg injury which he incurred later on put him on the sidelines for several weeks.

Fit again, Roth made intermittent apeparances in all Bayern's various competitions, and played his second match in the *Recopa* away to Rapid Vienna. Now the adaptable Franz was right-*back*. The previous Saturday he had played at *outside-left*. And seven days before that? At outside-*right*!

Then Cajkovski experimented further with Roth! For the very first time he picked him to play in midfield, but with a watching brief on defence. For the first time in his career Roth wore the number "4" shirt. The occasion was an away league match against Nuremburg. The best player on the field, Roth scored the only goal of the game. He had finally arrived!

That number "4" shirt at Bayern became his by right. Bayern marched forward to win their two cups, and finish high in the league. Roth played altogether in 20 league matches, and concluded the season with six goals to his credit.

National recognition of his "arrival" came in October. West Germany were due to play Yugoslavia in a European Championship tie in Hamburg. But national trainer Helmut Schön had one big problem. Beckenbauer was injured. Who was there who could deputise for him well enough in midfield?

Simple. The man his team-mates call "Leo"—another Franz: Franz Roth.

FRANZ ROTH (left) and RON McKINNON. (Met.)

Fantasy but fun . . . LESLIE VERNON finds himself alone in the Wembley Press Box as England

FACE USSR!

CHRISTMAS DAY is the most dreaded day of the year for me. It is a day without newspapers, without football—the only entertainment available is the incredibly boring TV programmes which are exactly the same, year after year.

In the "bad old days" when the welfare of the players was not the most important factor in arranging the fixture lists, League matches were played on Christmas mornings. It was a marvellous excuse to escape from the happy family circle for a few hours and if the game was good, there was something pleasant to think about during the rest of the holiday.

No such joys this year, so after the usual enormous dinner, I settled down in front of the fire and allowed myself the luxury of a day-dream. There are no set rules in dreams, so I turned the clock back to the night of the England-USSR international at Wembley.

I saw myself amongst the crowd walking down the Empire Way towards the stadium. An over-optimistic rosette seller displaying large red favours was shouting in a thick cockney accent "Wear your colours," trying to get rid of his old stock of Russian flags left over from the World Cup.

I entered the stadium through turnstile F, and started the long climb up to the Press box, which is perched right on top of the stands. On my way, I glanced into the Press bar which was completely deserted—a very unusual sight indeed! On my arrival, I found the Press box strangely quiet and to my amazement, empty. Len Went, the Wembley Stadium Press officer, was alone, and to put it mildly, rather disturbed. He rushed up to me almost shouting: "A terrible thing has happened, the printer has made a mistake on the Press tickets, they are all issued for tomorrow, nobody has turned up. What shall we do?"

"Postpone the game till tomorrow," I advised.

"Impossible."

"Why, the Russian ambassador is here?"

"That would not matter," said Went, "but there is a train-load of supporters from Manchester, they would tear the place apart if we cancelled the match."

We realised that the public must never find out what had happened, so an ingenious plot was worked out. Len Went would give the match to the agencies and I would phone the reports to the various newspapers, imitating the style of their correspondents, so that the illusions of the readers would not be spoiled. Just the break I was hoping for, I thought. If it comes off I might be nominated as the "Sportswriter of the Year," or even better, I might be allowed to sit in the main room at the annual dinner of the Football Writers' Association. I worked furiously during and after the match. Here are just a few abbreviated transcripts of my "phone calls":

ERIC BATTY

"Hello SOCCER STAR—this is Eric Batty reporting from Wembley.

"What a load of British rubbish! The worst match I have ever seen. This England team is a disgrace. Their tackling was brutal, vicious, crude, the forwards haven't got the faintest idea about positioning or passing, they did not create one single clear-cut chance during the entire ninety minutes. There were only three players in the England side who impressed me with their skilful play and intelligent running, Bobby Moore, Martin Peters and Geoff Hurst, and the secret is Gr . . . Gr . . . Greenwood! The Russians were much better, they have a vastly improved team, due no doubt, to the fact that the world's greatest expert, Helenio Herrera, gave two lectures in Moscow last summer. Russia should have won 6-0, but they did not go all out as they were saving themselves for next Sunday's important match versus a West Loire miners team in France."

KEN WOLSTENHOLME

Kenneth Wolstenholme sums up the match from Wembley for the BBC:

"Here, at the world's greatest football stadium, we have witnessed yet another brilliant display by the World Champions. On a snow-covered pitch, Ramsey's well-drilled boys played beautiful football. In the 20th minute Bobby Charlton (Jacky Charlton's brother) lost the ball for a throw-in. Following that, Cyril Knowles (brother of Peter Knowles) passed to Mullery (got married fourteen minutes and five days ago) whose centre found Peters (a keen collector of jazz records) but his shot was parried by Psenitchnikov (the first Russian goalkeeper playing at Wembley, who has thirteen letters in his name) and Alan Ball (son of the Stoke City coach) pushed home the loose ball. What a great player Bobby Charlton is! The game really came to the boil after that, and Igor Chislenko (an ex-ice hockey international) scored the equaliser. Two minutes later, following a slight defensive mix-up, it was Chislenko (an ex-ice hockey international) again who put the ball into the net. The match was admirably controlled by Herr Kreitlein (tailor and cutter, overcoats a speciality, lip-reads Spanish) and now that it is over, I will hazard an opinion and forecast a draw!"

BRIAN GLANVILLE

Brian Glanville reporting to the *Times*.

"Snowbound pitch, twinkling lights, and the subdued crowd, gave Wembley an eerie atmosphere on a night to remember. Both sides served up some splendid football, but curiously, I was more impressed by the majestical Russians, than with the scientific, but slightly ubiquitous England team. That ephemeral, but spendidly cunning genius, the flame-haired Alan Ball, played in his usual Puckish style, but the obscurity of his purpose was reminiscent of the less successful days of an early Stanley Matthews. The first English goal was largely the fault of that macabre figure in the Russian goal, who was under the tremendous psychological pressure of trying to compete with the omnipresent memory of Lev Yashin, a giant of yesteryear. A sinuous dribble by Chislenko brought the best goal of the match and I liked the *vivere in pace* attitude of both teams. It was a rather gracious game of football—or as my Don at the old *alma mater* would say *'de mortuis nil nisi bonum.'* "

DESMOND HACKETT

Desmond Hackett dialling the *Daily Express*:

"What a fantastic triumph for Alf's boys! They pulverised, hypnotised and finally demolished a Russian team, specially trained, drilled and coached for this one single match, since 1917! The World Champions played magnificently from the very first minute when that splendid debutant Knowles kicked the ball off the goal-line to save a certain goal. After this display, Mexico 1970 is a foregone conclusion for England and we can start planning for Germany 1974. Marvellous goals were scored by Ball and Peters, and a lucky long-shot brought the first Russian goal. Their second goal was due to that splendid light-hearted spirit Alf managed to instil into the earth's greatest defence. Outstanding performances: Knowles, Mullery, Peters, Moore and Hurst (for the London edition). Wilson, Sadler, Ball, Hunt and Charlton (for the Northern edition). Sorry, Gordon, we haven't got a Midland edition."

After this "in-joke", let us turn to the plight of Tottenham Hotspur and their manager Bill Nicholson. I am a sincere admirer of Mr. Nicholson, I consider him a great manager, a sober and responsible man who achieved more with his quiet methods than any one of his more celebrated contemporaries. That is why his recent series of uncharacteristic blunders in connection with the Lyon matches saddened me.

Unfortunately, British managers fall under some strange influence when facing foreign teams. Like English holidaymakers abroad, they lose their sense of proportion and judgment. They act and speak recklessly, they squander away their reputations which they built up carefully over the years.

The timing of Mike England's cartilage operation was Nicholson's first miscalculation. He obviously considered Lyon "easy

● *Continued on page 32*

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY

They play football even in Zwolle and Zamboanga

by GORDON JEFFERY

THE same evening that I settled down to write this article, I noticed in my local Saturday night football paper one of those invaluable little five or six line paragraphs that are so essential for filling odd corners. And there, sandwiched between the notes about the North End League by Honsec and the Gosport League by The Turk (only locals and matelots know of the Turkish claims to Gosport!), was the bald information.—

"FIFA, the International Football Federation, which was founded in 1904 by seven national associations, now has 133 countries affiliated."

Overlook the nicety as to whether it is the countries or the national football associations who are affiliated, it was suddenly pleasant, on a cold, wet wintry English night, to play with the thought that the sun can never set on football. That at just about any moment in time, some team somewhere, be it only in a back-streets match in Zwolle, Zagreb, Zhdanov, Zahidan, Zamboanga, Zomba or Zaria, are kicking a ball.

Hibernation

At the moment, however, there is something of a hibernation in European football with several countries at the winter-pause in their domestic competitions and a general feeling of reluctance about participation in the European club competitions. This has tended to give a reflective look to most February issues of WORLD SOCCER and, looking back over the files, I find that often I had been reviewing the European competitions, as they stand poised before the really serious business of the quarter-finals, in the February issues.

Three years ago, for example, I began my European commentary with a comparison between Britain's poor showing of the year before (the 1963-64 competitive season) and their bright prospects for 1964-65. Indeed, the commentary gathered unto itself the bold heading—"Britain's Best in European Cups Yet." And I threw in a little comparative table of the remaining interest—the *direct* interest—of various countries in the Champions' Cup, Cup-Winners' Cup and Fairs' Cup at the quarter-final stage in 1964 and 1965 (using, for convenience, the year of the actual completion of competitions as reference). Quite remarkably, no less than seventeen countries had had at least one of their clubs still in with a chance at that late stage in the competitions. Interesting too, the way in which their fortunes changed year by year with, for example, the Czechs retaining direct interest in all three competitions in 1964 but in none of them in 1965.

A year later I notice I was on a similar track and mentioned "the total eclipse of French clubs and the near-eclipse of the Italians." They gave me the headline—"Italians Face Eclipse of Glory"—and I suspect that, at the time, with Inter Milan the reigning European club champions, I would have wished for a less challenging one. It was not my wise forecasting but the sub-editor's idea of an eye-catching headline that did rightly anticipate Inter's failure to beat Real Madrid in the semi-final to be played three months later. My own forecast had been that Manchester United would win—it always is, and one year I must be right! More, I saw 1966 as the year when England could sweep the board with United in the Champions' Cup, Liverpool or West Ham (with the latter as the holders, we had two strings to our bow) in the Cup-Winners' Cup, Chelsea and Leeds in the Fairs' Cup, and, of course, England, the hosts, in the World Cup.

In the event, and particularly as Manchester United, after touching the heights of club football when winning five-one against Benfica in Lisbon, were completely out of touch both in Belgrade and at Old Trafford against Partizan in the semi-final, England had to be content with one victory—but it was the major prize in the World Cup. Still, near misses though the final efforts were, 1966 was a good one for English clubs in Europe.

Last season however, so far as the two top competitions were concerned; was a poor one without a representative at the quarter-final stage. We consoled ourselves with an acceptance of some of the reflected glory from Celtic's triumph in the Champions' Cup and Rangers' beaten finalists position in the Cup-Winners' Cup. But this switch to the "British" angle has recoiled a bit this season with Celtic's early fall against Dynamo Kiev in the Champions' Cup, and then the Second Round defeats in the Cup-Winners' Cup competition of Aberdeen and Tottenham Hotspur. Aberdeen had gained some useful experience of inter-club football by their summer participation in American professional football leagues but not much from their Cup-Winners' Cup debut tie against KR of Reykjavik, and the three goals they conceded against the much more experienced Standard side in Liege was too big a margin for the Scottish club to overcome at home—particularly when they were conscious that any goal scored by the Belgian club in Aberdeen might attract a bonus.

It was either a failure to appreciate this, or a curious inability to prevent it if it was appreciated, that brought Spurs toppling down against Lyons. It really should not have been beyond the capability of the London club to have comfortably pulled back the single goal deficit of their first leg in France, and to have surged steadily ahead. Two goals would have been enough. In fact they scored four—but incredibly conceded three. Easy to look to the absence of Mike England and, in that absence, to realise even more than one had before what a magnificent player he is: easy to murmur about defensive weaknesses. But today, more than ever before, there are ten defenders and ten attackers and Spurs cannot expect to better average, but by no means naïve, French sides with the luxury of players more liable to be caught in offside positions than to be harassing opposing midfield players.

Limited

So this season the British interest, apart from the Fairs' Cup, is limited to Manchester United in the Champions' Cup and, an unexpected ally, the Football League Second Division club, Cardiff City, in the Cup-Winners' Cup. Cardiff, of course, earned their place in the competition by virtue of being the Welsh FA's Cup winners. It is ironic that although the Cup-Winners' competition is rated higher than the Fairs' Cup (a club qualifying for the Cup-Winners' competition would not be permitted to compete in the Fairs' Cup even if they wished to), Queen's Park Rangers were not considered by the Fairs' Cup committee to be good enough to compete but, in the same division as Cardiff, they are clearly a better side than the Welsh one! That is not to say that QPR would have done so well in Europe as Cardiff have done—and not only in the current season! Cardiff had reached the same quarter-final stage in 1965—and had beaten the holders, Sporting Lisbon, in the process.

Thanks to Cardiff, Wales show up quite well in terms of the number of times they have been represented in the quarter-final stages in Europe over the past five years. There is, of course, no Welsh entrant in the Champions' Cup so that the Welsh figure (shown in the accompanying table) of two appearances could be doubled to present a fair comparison with other countries.

Withdraw

Twelve countries are not represented at all in the table. Albania, even when they do enter, withdraw so often that they can virtually be regarded as non-starters and are likely to be debarred unless they can guarantee participation; Cyprus, Malta, Iceland and probably Luxembourg and the Republic of Ireland are going to need all the assistance of illogical "seeding" and the luck of the draw to even hope to get a representative in the last eight of either competition, but I find it a little disappointing that Greece and Rumania in the Balkans and the Scandinavian four, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Denmark, have all been unrepresented over this period.

Represented

Top of the credit list are Spain and West Germany—each with nine appearances and it is a matter of opinion which can claim the greater merit. Spain can point to being always represented in the Champions' Cup and to missing only one of the quarter-final stages of the Cup-Winners' Cup. West Germany, on the other hand, although represented in all the Cup-Winners' competitions at this stage, were missing in two of the five Champions'. A clear bias in favour of Spain. But one club, Real Madrid, has always represented Spain in the major competition (over this period) and four clubs are responsible for the nine quarter-final appearances. Three different clubs have represented West Germany in the Champions', and four in the Cup-Winners'—a clear indication that there is a much greater depth of ability in West Germany than in Spain.

"Clear indications that there is a much greater depth of ability in West Germany than in Spain."

Four countries—I think one could write *only* four with some surprise—have been represented in one or other of the two competitions at the quarter-final stage in each of the past five years—Spain, West Germany, Hungary and Italy. Five others have been missing in only one of the five years—Czechoslovakia, England, Portugal, Scotland and Yugoslavia. Biggest surprise to me—in the sense that until getting down to preparing such a table as this, I had not been aware of the fact—is the realisation that when Lyons did gain their "more-away-goals" aggregated win over Spurs, this was the first time for five years that France has had quarter-final representation. And the last club to have reached the quarter-final was—Lyons themselves and again in the Cup-Winners' Cup.

COUNTRY (Total no. of Quarter-Final Appearances)		1964	1965	1966	1967	1968
AUSTRIA	ECC	—	—	—	—	—
(1)	C-WC	—	—	—	Rapid Vienna	—
BELGIUM	ECC	—	—	**Anderlecht**	—	—
(3)	C-WC	—	—	—	Standard Liege	Standard Liege
BULGARIA	ECC	—	—	—	**CSKA Sofia**	—
(2)	C-WC	—	—	—	Slavia Sofia	—
CZECHS	ECC	**Dukla Prague**	—	**Sparta Prague**	**Dukla Prague**	**Sparta Prague**
(5)	C-WC	Slovan Bratislava	—	—	—	—
ENGLAND	ECC	—	**Liverpool**	**Manchester United**	—	**Manchester United**
(7)	C-WC	Manchester United	West Ham United	Liverpool, West Ham United	—	—
FRANCE	ECC	—	—	—	—	—
(2)	C-WC	Olympique Lyon	—	—	—	Olympique Lyon
E GERMANY	ECC	—	—	—	—	—
(1)	C-WC	—	—	Magdeburg	—	—
W GERMANY	ECC	**Borussia Dortmund**	**FC Cologne**	—	—	**Eintracht Brunswick**
(9)	C-WC	Hamburg SV	Munich 1860	Borussia Dortmund	Bayern Munich	Bayern Munich, Hamburg SV
HUNGARY	ECC	—	**Vasas Gyor**	**Ferencvaros**	—	**Vasas Budapest**
(6)	C-WC	MTK Budapest	—	Honved	Vasas Gyor	—
N IRELAND	ECC	—	—	—	**Linfield**	—
(1)	C-WC	—	—	—	—	—
ITALY	ECC	**Inter Milan, AC Milan**	**Inter Milan**	**Inter Milan**	**Inter Milan**	**Juventus**
(8)	C-WC	—	Torino	—	—	AC Milan
NETHERL'DS	ECC	**PSV Eindhoven**	**DWS Amsterdam**	—	**Ajax Amsterdam**	—
(3)	C-WC	—	—	—	—	—
POLAND	ECC	—	—	—	—	**Gornik**
(2)	C-WC	—	Legia Warsaw	—	—	—
PORTUGAL	ECC	—	**Benfica**	**Benfica**	—	**Benfica**
(4)	C-WC	Sporting Lisbon	—	—	—	—
SCOTLAND	ECC	—	**Glasgow Rangers**	—	**Celtic**	—
(5)	C-WC	Celtic	—	Celtic	Glasgow Rangers	—
SPAIN	ECC	**Real Madrid**	**Real Madrid**	**Real Madrid**	**Real Madrid**	**Real Madrid**
(9)	C-WC	—	Zaragoza	Atletico Madrid	Zaragoza	Valencia
SWITZERL'D	ECC	**FC Zurich**	—	—	—	—
(3)	C-WC	—	Lausanne	—	Servette	—
TURKEY	ECC	—	—	—	—	—
(1)	C-WC	Fenerbahce	—	—	—	—
USSR	ECC	—	—	—	—	—
(2)	C-WC	—	—	Dynamo Kiev	—	Torpedo Moscow
WALES	ECC	—	—	—	—	—
(2)	C-WC	—	Cardiff	—	—	Cardiff
YUGOSLAVIA	ECC	**Partizan Belgrade**	—	**Partizan Belgrade**	**Vojvodina**	—
(4)	C-WC	—	Dynamo Zagreb	—	—	—

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JIM BAXTER (L). ALAN BIRCHENHALL (A).

POMPEY AND CITY CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS

AS football coldly stumbled into 1968, it gave a great deal of pleasure to note the progress of two League clubs who have been for some long time hidden in the shadows. Overshadowed for too long by their mighty near neighbours at Old Trafford, Manchester City began to interest those who were concerned to pick winners. City started their 1967-68 campaign looking physically fit and energetic without suggesting the team might plough through the upper reaches to rival the best in the land. A number of famous victories, including the rout of Spurs, rather tended to alter the complexion of affairs and the name of Joe Mercer was bandied about the game once more.

ENGLISH REVIEW . . .

Down in the South, Portsmouth started a gallop in Division Two which even their most enthusiastic and elderly supporters did not, at first, think possible. Restricting themselves to a small number of players, cutting out frills and dispensing with a reserve side, Pompey entertained considerable hopes of exciting the town once again with large numbers of Hampshire men praying the club would last the course.

Manchester City began to make Maine Road the centre for the enthusiast again and if at times the soccer was strictly of the kind required to acquire points, it improved to the stage when, without undue garnish, the team were winning matches because they were more skilful and looked more confident. Joe Mercer's views on the game were held in high regard after the comments he made on the small screen during the World Cup. Mercer, a tough, fair and popular footballer in his day, undoubtedly personified a modern football club manager and, at the same time, never forgot what he had learned the hard way through bitter experience . . . yes . . . and pain itself.

Mercer dropped out of the game after his early managerial experiences, a broken and defeated man. When he felt able to return to the field he knew so well, he took on the task of revitalising Manchester City, almost forgotten throughout the era of Matt Busby at United. Mercer started to apply the methods he thought best, methods he had evolved in a playing career which was still bringing him applause when others of his age had moved on to pastures new. He was astute enough to understand a forceful personality of the modern school was also needed to preach the new philosophies. He might well have lost the services of Malcolm Allison at the time when Coventry appointed a new manager. As it was, Allison remained at Maine Road and the praise for City's rise from the ashes is justifiably shared by older head and younger legs.

Manchester City do not claim a star line-up. They do claim 11 workers whichever combination they put into the field. Mercer can point to his conversion of Glyn Pardoe, an England schoolboy international, from centre-forward to full-back and Sir Alf Ramsey's interest in Mike Summerbee, brought to the fore by Bert Head at Swindon, now a snapper of chances at centre-forward, Colin Bell, an inside-forward of more than ordinary promise and expensive signing Francis Lee. Neither Mercer nor Allison are over keen on the "personality" approach. The way to win the League is to gather points carefully and continually. The way to win any other trophy is to be better, on the day, than the other set of guys.

That City should even touch the hems of United is something to write home about. That Manchester City should begin to bother Liverpool and Leeds United to say nothing of Sheffield Wednesday, is, surely, indicative that the top ten can have their feathers ruffled simply by a club applying basic principles.

Attempting to select prospects in Division Two started to be a complicated job when Queen's Park Rangers cruised along in similar fashion to their exploits in Division Three and this in spite of serious injuries to many of their leading performers, including that crowd pleaser, Rodney Marsh. Blackpool, guided by Stan Mortensen, found no comfort outside the senior bracket and set about returning to what they considered their rightful place without delay. This discounted Stanley Cullis and his Birmingham gang, Bill McGarry at Ipswich, Bert Head at Crystal Palace and Lol Morgan at Norwich.

Down in Portsmouth, George Smith ignored the prophets of gloom when he reduced his staff to starvation ration terms last season, working on what has become a description for strip-tease dancers . . . the bare minimum. For the last three campaigns, the club has finished 14th, 12th and 20th following the drop from Division One in 1959 and even a lone season in Division Three in 1961-62.

Manager Smith, attributes the team's success to adapting themselves to the conditions and the opposition and doing what needs to be done, irrespective of whether it is entertainment or not. The small staff is relatively unknown by big-time standards. Ray Pointer is a former Burnley and England centre-forward, Ron Tindall is an ex-Chelsea man and there are stalwarts like Albert McCann, Ray Hiron and Bobby Kellard. The turn of the screw which brings clubs like Portsmouth and Manchester City back into the arena is, perhaps, the biggest slap in the face the continual mighty spenders can have, even if Mercer did speculate on Francis Lee from Bolton.

Big money talking in top football was highlighted by suggestions that Manchester United men might share something like £30,000 if they could capture the European Cup, £12,000 for retaining the Football League Championship and £6,000 for securing the FA Cup.

Illustrating the consternation of clubs when high hopes are dashed to the ground, were the remarks of Spurs' manager, Bill Nicholson, as the London side slumped out of the European Cup-Winners' Cup at the hands of Olympique Lyonnais after a

. . . by LESLIE PAGE

brawl in France when Alan Mullery was dismissed from the scene and the return at White Hart Lane where Lyonnais ran out winners because goals scored away from home count double if the aggregate scores are level at the end of two legs.

Nicholson suggested his players were not trying their hardest and that even star internationals would need to fight for their places in future. With Mullery banned from the second-leg and Mike England recovering from a cartilage operation and other players also injured, Spurs' hopes of a return to Europe in a big way were dashed disastrously as the team struggled to redeem themselves.

One of soccer's most controversial figures, Jim Baxter, shifted his camp from Roker Park, Sunderland, to Nottingham Forest and the care and guidance of Johnny Carey. The 27-year-old Baxter did not always produce his best form for Sunderland, but he was still worth a fee of £100,000 to Forest whose poor form had brought them to the lower half of the table. Baxter has been known as something of a character and in Glasgow, with Rangers, was one of the brightest lights of the city. Sunderland, perhaps, restricted his devil-may-care approach, but he was still a part of Scotland's best national combination, faults in make-up or not.

Yet another £100,000 fee cropped up when new Chelsea manager, Dave Sexton, signed Alan Birchenall from Sheffield United in a period when the Bramall Lane club fought for their Division One status. Having already this season disposed of the talented Mick Jones to Leeds United, John Harris, the United chief, bought Willie Carlin from Carlisle United for £40,000 and Colin Addison from Arsenal for a similar fee.

Birchenall, an England Under-23, was recruited in an effort to liven the fortunes of Chelsea whose dangerous in-and-out form made many on the terraces at Stamford Bridge shake their heads. Sexton had no easy task in righting Chelsea's rocking boat for despite the continued improvement of Peter Osgood after his long lay-off with a broken leg, the team looked in for a long fight to return to the kind of senior citizenship endowed by Tommy Docherty, who had taken on the unenviable task of rescuing Rotherham United, uncomfortably situated in the basement of Division Two.

The Football League came up with figures showing the number of players sent off in the four divisions over the past five seasons. It was not certain exactly what the figures were intended to prove if anything, although strictly on paper the Fourth Division held a record they could, doubtless, do without. The facts showed Third and Fourth Division teams play more games in a season and also that this term Division One clubs were piling up the number of dismissals at a fast rate.

Over the past five campaigns, Division One had 46 men sent off, Division Two 54, Division Three 52 and Division Four 71. One of the most alarming statistics, produced figures to show a limited number of clubs in Division Four were responsible for the majority of offences. Even so, of the 223 dismissals, we must remember the percentage is low if we consider the total number of appearances made in the five years under review. Some 223,080 player appearances were made which gives a dismissal figure of 1 per cent, making suggestions that the game is getting much, much dirtier so much nonsense.

There were many who were willing to give an ear to Jimmy Scoular, the Cardiff manager, when he said lots of players put on a first class theatrical performance when they are tackled strongly making offences look very much worse than they are.

The loss to a club of senior men who are suspended, became more serious as the Disciplinary Committee handed out longer suspensions putting Denis Law and Ian Ure out of football for six weeks. Arsenal, as Ure returned, waited to know the outcome of the cases against three more of their men, Bob McNab, Frank McLintock and Peter Storey who all took marching orders within a few days of each other in League and League Cup matches with Burnley.

The Professional Footballers' Association were at considerable pains to point out bonuses did not, necessarily, lead to rougher play and insisted that no restriction should be placed on these payments.

The Earl of Harewood echoed a view in these notes last month when he suggested a professional game needed professional referees. George Reader, secretary of the Football League referees, naturally, came out strongly against such a move and one can respect his views. On the other hand, it does appear an idea worth considering when players are penalised by referees who *may* not really know if a foul has been committed.

Basically, much of the problem could be more forcefully tackled both by clubs and players. The authorities might find it necessary to fine and punish not only the players but also the clubs. None of this takes into account the problem of retaliation when a player is provoked over a long period in a niggling manner only to be punished when he seeks to defend himself. The undercover foul of a minor nature is difficult to spot and if more referees could be trained to look for them, certain players, victims of their own tempers, might breathe more easily again.

Maybe the PFA can appeal to its players in some way. The opportunity presents itself with the appointment of Arsenal's Terry Neill, as chairman in succession to Noel Cantwell, now manager of Coventry. Neill came to Highbury at the end of 1959 and as an Irishman is a great talker. He approaches 200 matches for Arsenal and admits to 33 international outings for Northern Ireland.

Neill has, in the early days of office, to launch a new voluntary educational scheme to help players at the end of their active careers and, to my mind, very many men continue in football in one capacity or another without the background needed to help either themselves or the game as a whole. Additionally, more men must be fitted for employment outside football and as the PFA grows in power it has a very real job to do on many fronts. Terry Neill will need support and good luck.

Q.P.R. outside-right Ian Morgan (7) surprises Portsmouth goalkeeper John Milkins with this close range shot. (A.)

Rovers hopes in the spring

EIRE ROUND-UP
by TOM MULDOWNEY

SPRINGTIME sees the start of the Eire FA Cup competition providing Shamrock Rovers with the amazing opportunity of winning the trophy for the fifth year in succession and the nineteenth time in all.

If Rovers succeed, they will equal the great five in a row Cup conquest of their predecessors between 1929 and 1933. Now, thirty-five years later, Shamrock are ready for a fantastic repeat.

Few will dispute Rovers' ability to do it. That apart, it's in their favour that the big pot has not left Dublin since Dundalk beat them in 1958. Rovers five, St. Patrick's and Shelbourne with two each, have monopolised the trophy since Gannon's goal set the Louth Landscape alight.

Sligo Rovers have never won the Cup. With Dixie Dean as leader, they went down to Rovers 3-0 in 1940. Limerick lost to Shamrock in 1965 and '66; two wonderful efforts by Ewan Fenton to add an Eire medal to his English medal won in the famous 1953 Matthews' final. Waterford won out once, in 1937, but both Cork clubs, Hibernians and Celtic have yet to inscribe their name. Drogheda United have never even made it to the decider but neighbours Dundalk usually head the provincial challenge and this term will be no different.

Galloped

Spring also sees the League of Ireland champions emerge from the leading group. Waterford galloped into the New Year at the head of affairs with Cork Celtic, Shamrock Rovers and Dundalk in hot pursuit. I expect one of these will fly the flag, unless mid-table Shelbourne set aside their inconsistency and concentrate on the serious side of collecting points.

Despite Shamrock's silver stampede, the success of Dundalk, rise of Waterford, improvement of Cork Celtic since English-born Carl Davenport was appointed player-coach and spending spree of heroic Sligo, it is Shelbourne who qualify, with no challengers, as the most exciting team in the League.

Riches

Leading this early rush to riches is none other than coach Gerry Doyle, who returned to the scene of his former triumphs after short spells with Dundalk and St. Patrick's.

It was Doyle who delighted Ringsend in the sixties with his team of teenagers who played a snazzy style of soccer. A style that brought two Eire FA Cup conquests, one League title and two Dublin City Cups to the Shelbourne sideboard. Into Europe roared the "Reds" firing on all cylinders, setting new standards for their successors.

Great days; gone, like youth, all too quickly. Away from the hallowed home, at various times, and not in the following order went Tony Dunne, now winning honours with Manchester United, Heavy, Bonham, Tommy Carroll, Kelly, Theo Dunne, currently captain of Drogheda United, whose right-winger is former Shelbourne star Joey Wilson, Dowling, towering Dundalk's pin-up, international Jackie Hennessy, St. Patrick's sweeper after a spell with Derry City and not least, Eric Barber who went to Birmingham City before moving to America. When Doyle joined in the general exodus, Shelbourne's sorrow was complete and Ringsend was left a sad and silent place.

Manager McKenzie came south to restore a fallen empire. His rebuilding efforts did not meet with the understanding or success they richly deserved. Inevitably trouble begets trouble; struggle increases struggle and always it was a fight against time. Shelbourne's sagging support found failure frustrating after the golden days of yesteryear. Gloom abounded at Ringsend. Not a sight of a silver lining.

This term Tom Rowan, a long-serving football legislator, took over as chairman. His first act, recalling Gerry Doyle, was hailed by all devotees of Eire's oldest professional club. A huge over-draft, a long, hard road faced the new committee if they were to save Shelbourne.

And the old club, as unpredictable as ever, with Doyle regaining the Midas touch, wanted short cuts. And as if by magic, out of the cataclysm, a new team of teenage talent flooded the scene. Sweeping to maturity, in record time, even for doyen Doyle.

Mould

Surging into senior soccer came Gannon, son of Eddie who starred for Shelbourne, Sheffield Wednesday and Eire in the forties, Magan, another defender cast in the modern mould. A midfield king in Gerry Garvan and front-runners in Joe O'Connor, Walsh, Murray and Conroy are among Shelbourne's many young men of talent.

Yet for all the vim and vigour of youth, the "Reds" depend a lot on "old-man", soccer-wise, Paddy Roberts, who just keeps rolling along. Playing in the shadow of sweeper, this towering colossus is the last link with the glorious past and the foundation on which Gerry Doyle hopes to build an equally glorious future.

SPEAKING PERSONALLY—Leslie Vernon

● *Continued from page 27*

meat" and wanted England to be fit for the later rounds.

The first match in France was a disaster; according to the English Press the French players acted like animals. But the reputable *L'Equipe* had a different story to tell—their correspondent put the onus on the Spurs boys. I have spoken to several rabid Tottenham fans who made the expensive trip to Lyon and they reluctantly accept 50 per cent of the blame for the scandal on behalf of their team.

Nevertheless, Mr. Nicholson made two statements following the match:

1. "I prefer our hard-tackling to their body-checking and shirt-pulling."

(The person who invented this idiotic phrase 'body-checking and shirt-pulling' should be given a medal. It should be called 'The Goebbels Prize', because this 'admirable' propagandist was the discoverer of the truth—the bigger the lie, the more people believe it. Once and for all, the Continental players *do not* resort to obstruction and *do not* pull shirts! How many free-kicks were given against the Russians at Wembley and against Lyon at Tottenham, for obstruction? Not one! Comparing these offences with hard tackling is ludicrous, since Mr. Nicholson claims that the British-type tackling should be allowed to go unpunished, while no one, not even on the wicked Continent, says that obstruction and shirt-pulling should not be penalised!)

2. "We are going to thrash them at Tottenham."

(This sort of talk drags football down to the odious level of professional boxing, although even that mob is more sophisticated these days than to use the "I'l moider the bum" sales technique.)

Spurs, as we know, did not thrash them in the return match, due to injuries, Mike England's absence, a nightmare performance by Jennings and Mr. Nicholson's team selection. He picked six forwards, left the defence exposed to counter-attacks and gave the thirty-two-year-old Mackay the impossible task of plugging holes everywhere. Even after they obtained the necessary 2-0 lead, Spurs went out for more goals, because the players were told by their manager that they have nothing to fear and a public humiliation was called for. Show those damned French who's boss! This incredibly childish attitude cost Spurs the tie, and not, as Mr. Nicholson said afterwards, lack of effort by the players. Indeed, the team fought as hard as they could. Cliff Jones, for instance, was nearly decapitated when scoring the third goal!

I am sure that the bitter lesson of the recent experience will be useful when the Spurs again go into Europe and, next time, Bill Nicholson will be able to keep his image untarnished!

WORLD SOCCER BACK NUMBERS

JUNE 1965.
NOV. 1966; DEC. 1966.
APRIL 1967; MAY 1967;
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AUGUST 1967; OCT. 1967;
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JANUARY 1968.

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TRANSFER FEES SPIRAL

Australian News by ANDREW DETTRE

IN at least one respect, Australian soccer is fast emulating its European counterparts: transfer fees are spiralling, sending club officials dizzy. So far the highest fee ever paid in Australia for a player was $5,600 (about £2,600) which the Sydney club Hakoah had to fork out for 21-year-old Ray Baartz of the Newcastle club Adamstown. Now that looks like chicken-feed compared with the sums freely mentioned in connection with some possible transfers.

For Hungarian-born but Australian-raised Attila Abonyi, our top scorer on the recent Asian tour, his Melbourne club reportedly demand a cool $15,000; for Scottish-born George Keith (Arsenal, Tird Lanark), Hakoah of Melbourne want at least $9,000. Consider that some 10 years ago even a fee of £200 was almost unheard of.

The tragedy is that since then our top players did not get better to warrant such rises, while match attendances are down compared with the boom years of 1960-63. But in Australia, like elsewhere, talent is a rare commodity that just about writes its own ticket.

Imports are slowly drying up and gone are the days when almost weekly some British players arrived to join local clubs. Now they flock to the USA, Canada and even South Africa, presumably in search of quicker and higher returns.

Two recent "imports" are really only prodigal sons returning home. One is former Blackpool skipper Jim Kelly who, until his departure about a year ago, had a tremendously successful run as player-coach of provincial South Coast United. Since his absence, the club's fortunes took a nosedive and Kelly has now been recalled to take charge once again, this time as coach only.

Another returnee is Les Schauman, now 29, who migrated to Australia in 1957 and for many years starred for two Sydney clubs, Budapest and Croatia. Some three years ago he left and settled in South Africa where he played with considerable success. Now the Hungarian-born Schauman is back in Sydney and back with Budapest-St. George, his first love, joining in the forward-line such talented players as former Chelsea "whiz kid" Dave Cliss, former Scottish Second Division player Frank McColgan and the skipper of the Australian team, John Warren. If St. George can secure Abonyi, as they plan, theirs will be the hottest forward-line in Australia.

Also back, though only from a six-week sentimental journey to England is Joe Marston, the former Preston North End pivot, now full-time manager-coach of Second Division Sydney club Western Suburbs. Marston went to England at the club's expense to study the latest trends in football—and came back openly amazed.

"The average English player is at least 25 per cent fitter and faster than in the 1950's," said Marston. "Also, I was tremendously impressed by the versatility of the leading players, like the attacking full-backs and defending wingers. I'll certainly try to put my findings to good use."

Talking of coaches, Australians may be excused if they chuckle with some glee at the lowly position of Exeter City. Not that they have anything against that club; most don't even know where it is. But Exeter happen to be managed by Frank Broome who in the last 10 years or so had two rather unspectacular spells with Sydney clubs. When last year he returned to England, he saw fit to make some uncomplimentary remarks about Australian soccer strongly implying that any Fourth Division English club—and many non-League clubs—would make mincemeat of the best Aussie side. Well, this view is probably not shared by Scotland manager Bill Brown and Manchester United's Matt Busby who recently had the chance to find out that Aussie soccer is gradually growing up. Frank Broome's hapless Exeter City certainly don't occupy a very impressive spot on the ladder and perhaps the ex-England international is now sorry to have made those remarks.

The international calendar for 1968 promises to be a busy one for Australia. Depending on the FIFA draw made in early February, Australia may have to start playing some World Cup elimination matches during the year. The recent Asian tour success has given the Aussies a ton of fresh confidence and it is now felt that a well prepared team can do rather well against all-comers in this part of the world—except possibly North Korea whom they may meet again. Also in 1968 Australia may compete in either the Merdeka Tournament or return to Saigon for the 1968 National Day Tournament, in November. In either case, the Federation will no doubt ensure that Australia will be again well represented.

In July the crack Hungarian champions, Ferencvaros, are due here for a 10-match tour that will embrace all states and major centres. With eight full internationals in their contingent (Matrai, Novak, Pancsics, Szucs, Albert, Varga, Rakosi and Juhasz) as well as three "B" internationals (Geczi, Katona, Szoke), Ferencvaros represent great class. This must have influenced the Federation in choosing them for the tour ahead of Real Madrid who were also keen to come. The only danger is that Hungary may qualify for the finals of the European Cham-

● *Continued on page 43*

The coach of the victorious Australian team Joe Vlasits (left) and his captain John Warren hold up high the cup they won in the eight-Nation Saigon tournament on arrival back in Sydney. (A.D.I.)

SALES ANGER FANS

NORTHERN IRELAND, setting a soccer trend which could become one of the biggest boosts for British football ever seen, introduced sponsored soccer to the United Kingdom. The new competition will be played for during the opening three weeks in May and will mean a financial bonanza of £1,000 to the winning club, £500 to the defeated finalists, £250 each to the semi-finalists and gates split on a 50-50 basis.

Behind the new competition, which will involve the four semi-finalists from the Irish Cup and Eire Cup, is the Newtownards firm of Blaxnit who are famous for their sponsorship of various Irish sporting events. The news of the competition, one of the country's best kept secrets, was announced at a press conference attended by the top officials from Northern Ireland as well as the Irish Republic—all backed the tourney to the hilt!

Ten days before the announcement Blaxnit announced that they were dropping their £2,500 international golf tournament and it was hinted then that some other sport was in line for a financial injection. With the company's connections with soccer—head of the Blaxnit firm is Harold Black, 42-year-old former player and present chairman of Irish League club Ards—it was obvious that this sport was going to be the one to benefit.

Harold feels strongly that sponsorship is one of the answers to the Irish game's problems: "Soccer is my hobby and in Northern Ireland it is our national game. I feel we may be in a position to foster cross-border relations and with the cash incentives we hope the clubs will put everything into the competition."

Apart from the obvious advantages such a competition will bring Blaxnit — publicity from large attendances — the money will add much-needed competition to the tail end of the season.

There are, obviously, certain reservations about the entire competition for in the past North-South joint competitions have been very much cold-shouldered by the fans. In fact, to be honest, previous competitions along these lines have been flops.

But as far as officials from both Associations are concerned there are no misgivings. All were throwing their support in behind it. The comments I collected at the conference were all much the same:

"This is a great opportunity for both football associations to come together to organise a tournament and the start of a new pattern—sponsorship by industry. The main spirit stretches further than just a football competition. It can promote better community relations and good spirit among spectators," said Harry Cavan, secretary of Ards, president of the IFA and vice-president of FIFA.

"This new tournament is really a stepping-stone towards closer relations. It could mean that in my own days I can see a great reconciliation," commented Mr. John Traynor, FAI chairman.

"This could be the start of something really big and I believe everybody will really welcome it," said Mr. Billy Drennan, secretary of the IFA.

The fans, I am sure, will welcome the Blaxnit all-Ireland competition—and certainly with such exciting financial rewards for the clubs concerned a lot of interest will be generated in the competition.

Dave Hickson, who recently returned to Ballymena United as manager, was an angry man as 1967 closed. Reports in local newspapers shocked him into demanding a "where do I stand?" meeting with club chairman Dave McKeown.

The reports stated that United had approached a former manager, Scot Alex McCrae, who in the early 'fifties guided the club to a memorable Irish Cup win over Linfield and a place in the final the next season, with the view to him "associating himself" with the club again.

Hickson knew nothing about these approaches until he saw it in the newspapers and immediately demanded an inquiry: "It makes it look like the job is being whipped out from under my feet. If the reports are true I'll find out where the approach first came from."

McKeown makes no bones about it, McCrae is a personal friend of his and he has been in contact with him: "The club is not satisfied with team results and we want a winning side. Whether it is the fault of the manager or not I'm not prepared to say. But if I had a foreman who was not doing well I'd get rid of him."

Back to Hickson: "I have been here only four months and all that time they have had a stranglehold on expenses letting me buy only one player. Surely I cannot be held responsible if the team is not getting results?

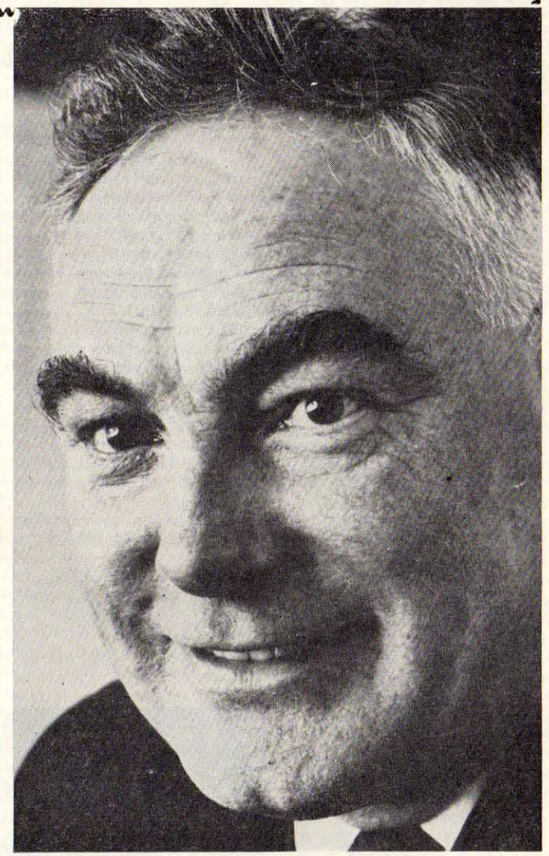
"I sleep and eat United and have done my best for them. My relations have been good with the board and if they were not satisfied why did they not say something to me? I'm hurt about this McCrae business; there has been too much speaking out of turn to the press lately."

After their Irish League defeat at the hands of old rivals Linfield, Glentoran must be asking themselves if they can afford to keep selling off their best players and still hope to be a power in local soccer—there is a general feeling among their large support that they can't and some fans are calling to the board to stop the brain drain away from the Oval.

In recent months transfers away from the Oval have netted Glentoran over £40,000 — and even now there seems no end to the movement from the city's East Side to other clubs. Terry Conroy to Stoke City, Eric Ross to Newcastle United, Billy Sinclair to Kilmarnock, Walter Bruce to American club Detroit Cougars, Arthur Stewart to Derby County—so it goes.

Where, the fans are asking, will it all end? In at the other end came Roy Welsh from Distillery and Eamonn Gorman from Portadown but are these incomings enough to keep the balance? Time will tell.

"It has never been the board's policy to stand in any player's way and if he is good enough to go to an English or Scottish club for a good fee we couldn't really clamp down on his leaving," commented Oval secretary Billy Ferguson.



BILLY FERGUSON. (McAl.)

Irish News by COLIN McALPIN

PERSONALITY PIECE

TEMPERAMENTAL JOSIP

THE story of Hannover's Josip Skoblar playing for Yugoslavia against West Germany in Berlin, in the European Championship, whilst under a West German league suspension, is now rather dated.

But the real twist in the tale came in December, when little Albania held the fancied Germans to a goalless draw in Tirana. It meant that Yugoslavia were through to the quarter-finals of the Championship. It also meant that one goal by Skoblar in May against the Germans, but this time in Belgrade, had put them there.

Skoblar was born on December 3, 1941, in a small town named Zadar. He has two sisters and one brother. The latter, aged 21, plays for a Slav Second Division side. But for elder brother Josip the rise was a great deal more startling. He was playing in the streets one day when he was spotted by Zadar's coach. This man, Milorad Ignjatovic, was sufficiently impressed to haul the boy aside long enough to invite him for a trial with Zadar.

Young Skoblar took little persuading. The trial was successful and in 1957 he made his debut for the senior side. Because he was only 16, Zadar had to obtain special medical permission in order to play him. The club doctor was doubtful at letting this slight youth out to play against men 10 years his senior. But he was assured that Skoblar would play on the left-wing, and the club's officials won the day.

Played in mid-week, the match was a rearranged league game. Standing amongst the small crowd was none other than Petar Radenkovic, later to star in Germany with Wormatia Worms and Muenchen 1860, but who at that time was with OFK Belgrade. Radenkovic was much impressed with Skoblar and recommended him to the directors of OFK. The result was that in one match Zadar discovered, and lost, a new star.

Skoblar was lucky. Yugoslav football was going through a tremendous renaissance—and he was a part of it. When Mitic, Milutinovic, Beara and the Cajkovskis were all slipping from the peaks of their careers, there was a tremendous upsurge of new talent to replace them. Jusufi, Galic, Sekularac, poor Radakovic, Vasovic and Milutin Soskic were other starlets along with Skoblar.

At OFK, with his outstanding technique, he played mainly as a winger. Only occasionally did he switch to inside-forward. Here he tended to lie upfield, where his close control and strong shot were of most value. He enjoyed good support from right-winger Samardzic, who, now playing for Feijenoord Rotterdam, has also turned towards the centre of the field.

Skoblar's temperament, however, has always been slightly suspect. But, nevertheless, he was created captain of OFK and he played 30 times for his country before his self-imposed exile. He was once sent off on the international field—against Luxembourg, in the qualifying rounds for the 1966 World Cup.

By that time the national team and his own club had slid rapidly from good to bad. Paradoxically, there remained only one hope for Skoblar in Yugoslav soccer—he had to get out of it! The great exodus was already well under way in the summer of 1966. Jusufi and Soskic, Kovacevic and Galic had all packed their bags when Skoblar reluctantly faced up to his own future. OFK were in serious trouble near the foot of the First Division. European aspirations were behind them. If Skoblar had any real ambition, then he, too, had to abandon his country.

★ by KEIR RADNEDGE

Immediately it became known that he had applied to the Yugoslav FA for his release, his name was linked with that of Hamburg. Just as smartly, the German club denied any interest in signing him. Then another bomb burst. Slav national team boss Alexander Tirnanic announced that if the YFA released Skoblar, then he, Tirnanic, would resign. Skoblar sat tight and said nothing. He was also awaiting his National Service call-up papers.

But September 1966 brought better news. Skoblar was allowed to Munich to meet officials of Bayern Munich and that club's coach Zlatko Cajkovski. Then later that month the YFA reluctantly agreed to let Skoblar sign for a foreign club . . . after a two-month clearance period.

Skoblar immediately went back to Munich and started training with Bayern, though two French clubs (Bordeaux and Valenciennes) had also shown an interest in his transfer. And so did another German club—Hannover 96.

Because Bayern were unable to register Skoblar to play in the *Bundesliga* that term, as the season was already under way, they wanted Skoblar to sign for a year as non-playing assistant to Cajkovski. But Skoblar wanted plenty if he was to go for nine months without a game! Bayern wavered. The French clubs had no money to offer anyway. So Hannover offered Skoblar a three-year contract from the summer of 1966. He would be free to play for the Yugoslav national side whenever wanted. But above all, Hannover would undertake to find Skoblar a club where he could play regular league soccer until the West German League would be prepared to accept his registration.

Skoblar signed for Hannover, and immediately bought himself a brand-new Mercedes car to celebrate!

At the same time, *France Football* noted that an unknown Yugoslav was apparently training in Marseilles. Everyone put two and two together in December when everything came out into the open: Hannover put Skoblar on loan to Olympique Marseilles for six months. The French paid Hannover £8,000 for the privilege, plus £400 a month to the player, it was reported. The OM president, Marcel Leclerc, thought it money wisely invested.

Skoblar burst upon the stagnant French football scene with almost unequalled force. He scored in his very first match—away to Valenciennes—and then captivated Marseilles with his talents, his gifts and his outstanding brilliance in a pit of poor mediocrity. He was the new miracle of French football; scored nine goals in his first seven outings and was christened "Monsieur goal a game."

Then he came to play in Paris, against Angers. Oh, calamity!—Marseilles lost 5-0. Skoblar even missed a penalty, though he insisted afterwards: "I didn't want to take it, I knew I'd miss it." Yet almost in the same breath he was quoted as saying that he wished to remain in France and not to return to Hannover.

Meanwhile, back in that German city, statements made by Zvonko Bego, Yugoslav international of Hajduk Split, created quite a stir. Bego had just played a trial match for Kaiserslautern, which had been watched by "96" scouts. "Hannover," said Bego, "want to let Skoblar go to Marseilles permanently and sign me on instead!"

Some hopes he had! Skoblar's French romance wasn't going quite so smoothly now. His wife and three-year-old daughter returned to Belgrade because they didn't like Marseilles. On the field of play Skoblar himself found the going tough and rough. Marseilles switched to play the *beton* (French *catenaccio*), and Skoblar was isolated upfield. He received a truly lousy service of the ball and was a fine target for those opposing defenders who believed that if anything moves it should be kicked.

The great touches of class showed more rarely now. But they were there, all the same.

"What he could do, were he better supported!" exclaimed VfB Stuttgart's French inside-forward Gilbert Gress. Hannover president Strothe merely commented: "Marseilles aren't a team. Who is there around Skoblar?"

Skoblar did achieve his Paris triumph, somewhat belatedly, when he led Marseilles magnificently in a 2-0 victory over Stade de Paris. After the match, he had dinner with the Hannover president. They were not just celebrating Skoblar's return to form. They were celebrating Skoblar's international recall—Slav team boss Rajko Mitic wanted Skoblar to line up for the first European Championship clash with West Germany!

On May 3 Skoblar lined up with the Slav national team before 50,000 wildly excited fans in the National Stadium in Belgrade. This match against the Germans was crucial to the Slavs' prospects. There was only one goal scored. In the 63rd minute, Hasanagic centred from the left, and Skoblar outwitted the slow-moving Vogts to head the ball past Sepp Maier into the back of the net. It was that one goal which sank the Germans when they could only

● *Continued on page* 42

DIARY - - - WORLD DIARY - - - WORLD DIARY - - - WORLD

Christmas Gift to Saints

by ROGER MACDONALD

SAINT NICHOLAS' gift to France, a place in the last eight of the European Championship, came two days before Christmas with a 3-1 victory against Luxembourg. It was more than enough to end Belgium's fleeting hopes of qualifying in a group which, on form, they should have won easily. But while Belgium and Poland successfully stabbed each other in the back, France, continuing their extraordinary sequence of defeat in friendly and victory in competitive matches, scrambled ahead at the finish.

Even the mediocre French found Luxembourg an easy obstacle, in spite of the driving rain that swelled pools of water on the pitch and kept the crowd down to 7,320. Luxembourg stayed in the game until shortly before half-time when Loubet, the unpredictable and ungainly striker from Nice, achieved a bizarre hat-trick in 11 minutes which left him holding his head in gratified disbelief. First Czepaniak released a pass so perfectly that Loubet was on-side and on his own; he dribbled past the goalkeeper Hoffmann, and put the ball in the empty net. Then, two minutes after half-time, Loubet ran on to a lob from Couecou, beat Ewen and, once again, Hoffmann, for a slow shot that hit the bottom of the left-hand post and rolled over the line. Finally Beretta found Loubet unmarked with another long pass which Loubet took round Hoffmann to score for the third time. And it was only on the previous evening, after the French party returned from training at Manosque, that the team manager, Louis Dugauguez, decided to play Loubet at all.

Decisive

I saw this game on television after a day trip to Sardinia to report Italy's match against Switzerland, also decisive in the European championship. The Swiss, so close to a deserved victory at home a few weeks earlier, fell away badly under pressure at Cagliari. The match, as a match, was over in 13 minutes, when Italy led 2-0 after an inspired start.

Riva, the local winger, who was quite irresistible, made a goal for Mazzola after only four minutes, then scored another himself. He had a hand in Italy's third, through Domenghini, just on half-time; his dribbling in sustained, frightening bursts, attracted the attention of so many defenders that huge gaps were left for the remaining forwards to exploit.

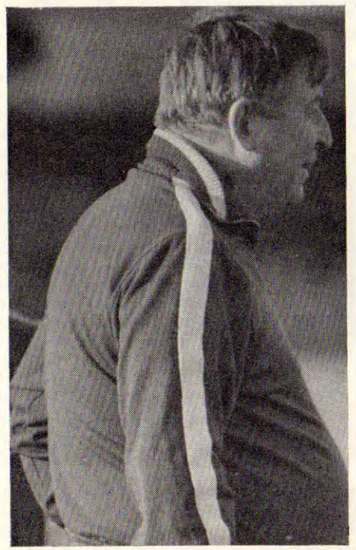
The fourth goal was vintage Internazionale, with Facchetti making 70 yards with a sudden, unexpected advance from the rear, Mazzola committing two defenders to an impossible interception with a pass that curled away from both of them, and Domenghini slashing the ball past the hopelessly exposed Grob. Switzerland, quite unable to concentrate either in defence or attack, rarely beat a man and never the Italians' defensive system, in which Picchi swept up as casually as a man spiking litter in a park.

Rivera, left out of Italy's previous games in Nicosia and Berne, had an exceptional game in midfield; his passing and positioning left so many options for the Italian attack that the Swiss were always rushing reinforcements in the wrong direction. By the end, they had an air of dispirited exhaustion, like someone forced to run up an escalator going down.

On paper, of course, neither France nor Italy could conceivably fail to beat such opposition in front of their own supporters; but in the European Championship there are no laws of logic. Who would have expected Czechoslovakia to lose at home to Eire with their worst display in living memory; Poland to beat Belgium in Brussels; or Sweden Portugal in Lisbon?

It was this last defeat, given hindsight, that ensured Bulgaria of a quiet if laborious qualification for the quarter-finals. Portugal, needing a draw at Sofia and a win at home, got neither. That they lost only 1-0 away was due entirely to a brilliant display by Americo, whose reflexes were astonishing. His save just before half-time from Kotkov, who hit the ball at maximum velocity from 15 yards, so deceived the eye that the Bulgarian commentator launched a furious attack on Kotkov's inaccuracy and was quite astonished when the referee awarded a corner-kick.

Hardly had the second-half started when Americo did it again, this time from Asparoukhov, holding a rising shot to the far corner that he had no right to reach at all. But after onther fine stop from Mitkov, even Americo had to admit defeat; Asparoukhov chipped the ball over the heads of the defence, and Dermendijev scored from close range. Portugal then gave up the ghost and were fortunate to escape a heavier defeat. Indeed, they had only one real chance—after 25 minutes when Torres, who was woefully supported by Eusebio, hesitated in front of goal and Simeonov, scorning caution, dived at his feet to smother the ball. The return match in Lisbon was a goalless and tedious formality.



MIKHAIL YAKUSHIN (USSR coach). (A.)

But all such vagaries of form seemed of little consequence when West Germany, with one foot in the last eight, suddenly fell into the abyss and squandered a vital point at Tirana. Albania were and are the only team not to score a goal in the championship. They were beaten 6-0 in Germany; Yugoslavia had little difficulty in scoring four times against them at home and twice away. Their coach, Borici, said before the return against West Germany: "The absolute best that we can hope for, to be frank, is a 2-1 defeat; we have no chance even of a draw. All I want is for my team to score a goal against the World Cup finalists."

Free defenders

Borici did not get his wish, but Germany could not score either. The Albanians played with three free defenders behind a defensive line of seven; even Pano, their only goalscorer in international class, spent most of the afternoon chasing Overath and kicking the ball away with childish delight. After an injury to Vaso, their left-back, Albania only twice crossed the halfway line in possession of the ball. But Rama made two marvellous saves, one of them (as a still picture unmistakably shows) with his eyes closed and the Germans could not find a way through or round the massed defence.

Helmut Schon, the German coach, must take some of the blame for picking a team of players supposedly in form, without regard for balance or composition. Thus he had two false wingers, Overath and Lohr, at outside-right and outside-left; a weak midfield, Höttges and Netzer; and a striker, Meyer, who had scored 19 goals in 14 League games, but who scarcely put a foot right in Tirana.

Schon was criticised for leaving out Beckenbauer and Seeler, but after their lamentable performance against Rumania in Bucharest (where West Germany lost 1-0) he really had little choice. Beckenbauer, who gave a brilliant performance in a

league game the following Wednesday, appears to have lost his zest for internationals, where the rewards are aesthetic rather than material; Seeler, for all his supreme will power, is perceptibly losing his speed and stamina. So when both were injured a week before the trip to Tirana, Schon seized his chance to disregard them, even though they would have almost certainly recovered in time.

The ultimate destination of the championship probably depends on the venue for the final stages. West Germany's elimination leaves only Italy and England as serious contenders to stage the last four matches: should Italy qualify, as hosts they would be strong favourites. Their record abroad in recent years has been little short of disastrous, but with an Italian sun overhead and the crowd behind them, they grow quickly in stature. It would be remarkable if any team were to beat them at home, especially at the height of summer.

Spain and Yugoslavia have qualified largely by default, and with so many of their exceptional players abroad, cannot be expected to make an impression in the finals. More might be expected from the Hungarians, but they lack consistency and resilience; against well-organised opposition it is their determination that is suspect, not their talent.

Inexplicable

More, Hungary have an inexplicable inferiority complex whenever they play the USSR, who must, on statistics alone, be reckoned the team of the year. In seven months they have played 16 full internationals, losing only two of them:

May 10	v. Scotland (a)	2-0
„ 28	v. Mexico (a)	2-0
June 3	v. France (a)	4-2
„ 11	v. Austria (EC) (h)	4-3
July 16	v. Greece (EC) (h)	4-0
„ 30	v. Poland (OG) (a)	2-1
Aug. 5	v. Poland (OG) (h)	2-1
„ 30	v. Finland (EC) (h)	2-0
Sept. 6	v. Finland (EC) (a)	5-2
Oct. 1	v. Switzerland (h)	2-2
„ 8	v. Bulgaria (a)	2-1
„ 15	v. Austria (EC) (a)	0-1
„ 31	v. Greece (EC) (a)	1-0
Nov. 29	v. Netherlands (a)	1-3
Dec. 6	v. England (a)	2-2
„ 17	v. Chile (a)	4-1

It is not so much Russia's performance at Wembley—where, with Sabo and Voronin sadly out of touch, they ought to have been beaten in the first half-hour—that suggests a second success in the European Championship. Rather, it is their confirmed policy to organise the national team on almost a club basis, playing regularly during the season, and achieving a high degree of understanding. Like England before the World Cup, the Russians have often been obsessed with club matches and domestic competitions; certainly they have never taken as much trouble to bring their players together. With Psenitchnikov almost a second Yashin; Khurtsilava, Chislenko and Byschevetz world-class players in their own right, Yakushin can look forward to the new season with confidence. His team of volatile Europeans and impassive Asians is undeniably full of eastern promise.

ANTONIO SIMOES (Portugal). (Met. 2.)

While Russia can expect to improve on their fourth place in the World Cup, the countries who beat them are all in danger of ignominous elimination. West Germany and Portugal are out; England must draw against Scotland at Hampden Park to qualify. Advanced predictions are futile, for much may depend on the number of Anglo-Scots available for selection—five have been sent off and suspended in the Football League this season alone. Scotland, one can be sure, will play extremely well or extremely badly, with a violent swing of the pendulum. England, for all their success, have still to convince Europe of their stature. The European Union, after all, are rightly determined to keep their competition distinct from the metamorphic tournament of the World Cup; and to win both may be beyond even Alf Ramsey's resources.

THE QUALIFIERS

	Championship record						
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Spain	6	3	2	1	6	2	8
Bulgaria	6	4	2	0	10	2	10
USSR	6	5	0	1	16	6	10
Yugoslavia	4	3	0	1	8	3	6
Hungary	6	4	1	1	15	5	9
Italy	6	5	1	0	17	3	11
France	6	4	1	1	14	6	9
England or	5	4	0	1	14	4	8
Scotland	5	3	1	1	9	7	7

Quarter-final draw: England or Scotland v. Spain; France v. Yugoslavia; Hungary v. USSR; Bulgaria v. Italy.

THE New Year spirit did not manifest itself at Hyeres on the last day of 1967, where the local amateur club were held to a 2-2 draw by Arles in the French amateur championship. A large body of spectators invaded the pitch at the end of the match and attacked the unfortunate referee, Monsieur Smagnoto. He was struck several times on the head and body before the police rescued him and escorted him to the dressing-rooms. The crowd continued to shout abuse about his decisions and would not disperse; so Smagnoto had to be smuggled out of a back door and taken to the railway station in a Black Maria. Plus sa change. . .

Precaution

AS Fernando Riera did not take the precaution of inserting a special clause in his contract—"Not to be dismissed when top of the League"—he has become the latest casualty in Benfica's struggle to regain their position at the top of European football.

Riera, who made his name when Chile took third place in the 1962 World Cup, has always had a reputation for ruthlessness: in his previous season at Benfica, 1962-63, he dropped the club captain, Aguas, packed him off to Vienna and brought in the tall prodigy, Torres. But this time, in his treatment of the brilliant little left-winger, Simoes, he went too far. Simoes, whose relations with Riera have always been strained, quarrelled with him early in the season and asked for a transfer.

Not only was it refused, but Riera did not even tell the directors of the request. In desperation, when the news broke that River Plate had put in a large offer, Simoes told the story to a Lisbon football reporter. Riera insisted on his suspension, and the directors reluctantly agreed—although Benfica's close shave against St. Etienne in the European Cup, in which Simoes did not play, filled them with misgivings.

Relations deteriorated further when Riera declined to use Benfica's main training ground, claiming it was too far away from the city centre, and then opposed a general rise in salaries—because, he said, it would be bad for discipline. He also refused to deny frequent rumours of his resignation, and the club decided to suspend him for the remainder of his contract, leaving the question of compensation to the courts.

Benfica, who head the Portuguese league, have appointed Riera's assistant, Fernado Cabrita, as his temporary replacement. But it seems likely that the Atletico Madrid manager, Otto Gloria of Brazil, will take Riera's place at the end of the season. This will please Simoes, at any rate, for it was Gloria who discovered him at the little Second Division club of Almado, and brought him to Lisbon in triumph.

Unhappy

AN unhappy visit to Rome for Malta's youth team. They played Italy in a qualifying match for the 1968 European Youth Tournament, and there were ten times as many officials and journalists (250) as spectators, who numbered precisely 25. Worse, the president of the Maltese Federation, Bonello Fimiano, had his wallet taken by a pickpocket at the airport. It contained all the money for the trip, some £330.

CHAMPIONS' CUP
Second Round—Second Leg

Real Madrid 4
Grosso 2 (19, 30), Velàzquez (16), Gento (76).
Hvidovre (Denmark) 1
C. Petersen (28).
Madrid. Att. 45,000. Ref. Loraux (Belgium).
Real: Junquera; Calpe, De Felipe, Zoco, Sanchis; Pirri, Velàzquez; Serena, Amancio, Grosso, Gento.
Hvidovre: Henriksen; Nielsen, Larsen, J. Petersen, Worbye; C. Petersen, Sörensen; Carlsen, Olsen, Hansen, Andersen.

A clear-cut affair for the most successful club in Europe, always in command, with plenty to spare in a game enjoyed by the purists, including Prince Rainier of Monaco.

(Real won 6-3 on aggregate—will meet Sparta Prague.)

Górnik Zabrze (Poland) 1
Szoltysik (45).
Dynamo Kiev 1
Turiantchik (40).
Chorzów. Att. 90,000. Ref. Boström (Sweden).
Górnik: Kostka; Kuchta, Florenski, Oslizlo, Latocha; Olek, Szoltysik; Wilczek, Musialek, Lubanski, Deja.
Kiev: Bannikov; Shtchegolkov, Sosnikhin, Ostrovski, Królikovski; Turiantchik, Puzach; Medvid, Serebrannikov, Byshevetz, Chmielnicki.

Górnik tore into the Russians from the start, and Lubanski twice hit the posts, but though Kiev fought back fiercely, at the end a wildly cheering crowd acclaimed Poland's greatest club triumph.

(Górnik won 3-2 on aggregate—will meet Manchester United.)

The two clashes between Sparta and Anderlecht were real thrillers. Sparta's eventual win can be fairly contributed to one man, their striker, Masek. He claimed no less than five of the six goals which beat the Belgians. Here, his team-mate, Kvasnak, fails to convert a cross into a goal in the match in Prague. Pity, for Sparta, that Masek wasn't around! (Pilmann.)

European Statistics

MISSING DETAILS FROM AN EARLIER ISSUE

CHAMPIONS' CUP
First Round—Second Leg

Górnik Zabrze (Poland) 3
Lentner, Lubanski 2.
Djurgaarden (Sweden) 0
Chorzow. Att. 60,000. Ref. Gloeckner (East Germany).
Górnik: Kostka; Kuchta, Florenski, Oslizlo, Latocha; Olek, Szoltysik; Wilczek, Musialek, Lubanski, Lentner.
Djurgaarden: Petterson; J. Karlsson, Gumesson, M. Karlsson, Jonsson; Cronquis, Granquist; Svensson, Wiestal, Lindmann, Magnusson.

Outplayed and outrun, the gallant Swedes held out until five minutes from time, then Poland's goalscoring ace, 20-year-old Wlodzimierz Lubanski, hit two vital goals, to secure a comforting margin.

Valur Reykjavik (Iceland) ... 1
Jeunesse D'Esch (Luxembourg) 1
Valur: Dagsson; Njalsson, Fridhoffsson, Erlingsson, H. Einarsson; Gislasson, P. Einarsson; S. Jonsson, Gunnarsson, Alfonsson, R. Jonsson.
Jeunesse: R. Hoffmann; Da Grava, Kosmala; Ruffini, J. Hoffmann, Hnatow; Moquin, Di Genova, Schuller, Langer, Tagliatesta.

Wisla Kraków (Poland) 4
Rainjala o.g. (25), Skupnik (44), Wójcik (60), Sykta (79).
HJK Helsinki 0
Kraków. Att. 50,000.
Wisla: Stroniarz; Monica, Kotlarczyk, Polak, Kawula; Wojcik, Gach; Lendzion, Studnicki, Sytka, Skupnik.
HJK: Ristlakki; Jalava, Rainjala, Sjoestedt, Kokko; Osterberg, Juahianen; Rahja, Talaslahti, Pahlman, Pajo.

The hapless visitors could not prevent another clear cut victory for the superior Poles, enthusiastically cheered by a surprisingly large crowd who enjoyed a quartet of goals at regular intervals.

(Wisla won 8-1 on aggregate—met Hamburger SV.)

NAC Breda (Holland) 1
Pirard (55).
Floriana (Malta) 0
Breda. Att. 7,000.
Breda: Van Der Merwe; Van Gorp, Van Ierland; Grautmans, Pelkmans, Rynders; Vermeulen, Pirard, Visschers, Snoeck, Nouwems.
Floriana: T. Borg; Debono, Micallef; Camilleri, Farrugia, Grech; S. Borg, Vassallo, Buttigieg, P. Micallef, Caruana.

(Breda won 3-1 on aggregate—met Cardiff City.)

Eintracht Brunswick 2
Grzyb (36), Saborowski (41).
Rapid Vienna 0
Brunswick. Att. 32,000. Ref. Wharton (Scotland).
Eintracht: Wolter; Schmidt, Bäse, Kaack, Moll; Grzyb, Berg; Gerwien, Ulsass, Saborowski, Maas.
Rapid: Fuchsbichler; Gebhardt, Glechner, Skocik, Ullmann; Hasil, Bjerregaard; Fritsch, Grausam, Flögel, Seitl.

Despite the greater experience of Austria's outstanding team, the hosts, solid in every department, were good value for their win in a game packed with drama from start to finish.

(Eintracht won 2-1 on aggregate—will meet Juventus Turin.)

St. Etienne (France) 1
Beretta (6).
Benfica Lisbon 0
St. Etienne. Att. 23,000. Ref. Srodecki (Poland).
St. Etienne: Carnus; Durkovic, Mitoraj, Bosquier, Polny; Larque, Jacquet; N'Doumbe, Revelli, Mekloufi, Beretta.
Benfica: Henrique; Cavem, Humberto, Jacinto, Cruz; Graça, Calado; Augusto, Yauca, Eusebio, Vieira.

Benfica missed Coluna, Simoes, Torres and Raul and barred the way to goal with a defensive screen, but only the ineptitude of the French attackers saved the tie for the disappointing visitors.

(Benfica won 2-1 on aggregate—will meet Vasas Budapest.)

Manchester United 2
Aston (11), Best (63).
Sarajevo (Yugoslavia) 1
Delalic (87).
Manchester. Att. 63,000. Ref. Machin (France).
Man. Utd.: Stepney; Brennan, Foulkes, Sadler, Dunne; Crerand, Charlton; Burns, Kidd, Best, Aston.
Sarajevo: Muftic; Fazlagic, Jasenkovic, Vujovic, Blazevic; Prljaca, Bajic; Delalic, Siljkut, Musemic, Antic.

United just about deserved to win, but, with Prljaca sent off, Sarajevo again finished understrength in this ill-tempered game spoiled by disgraceful incidents provoked by both sides.

(Manchester United won 2-1 on aggregate—will meet Górnik Zabrze.)

Valur Reykjavik (Iceland) ... 1
Gunnarsson (87).
Vasas Budapest 5
Molnar (12), Pal (14), Mathesz (43), Varadi (55), Kovacs (73).
Varpalota. Att. 5,000. Ref. Placek (Czechoslovakia).
Valur: Dagsson; Njalsson, Fridhoffsson, Erlingsson, H. Einarsson; Gislasson, P. Einarsson; S. Jonsson, Gunnarsson, Alfonsson, R. Jonsson.
Vasas: Kenderesi; Varadi, Kekesi, Varro, Köves; Mathesz, Antal; Molnar, Puskas, Pal, Kovacs.

This return was also staged in Hungary, for economic reasons, and proved another pleasant exercise for eight Vasas reserves, who had few problems in dismissing the inexperienced Icelanders.

(Vasas won 11-1 on aggregate—will meet Benfica.)

Rapid Bucharest 0
Juventus Turin 0
Bucharest. Att. 35,000. Ref. Riegg (West Germany).
Rapid: Raducanu; Lupescu, Motroc, Dan, Greavu; Dinu, Jamaiski; Nasturescu, Dumitriu, Ionescu, Codreanu.
Juventus: Anzolin; Salvadore, Bercellino, Castano, Leoncini; Del Sol, Sacco; Magnusson, Zigoni, Cinesinho, Coramini.

The cast-iron Italian defence are yet to concede a goal in this tournament, but this game was marred by a private fight between Salvadore and Nasturescu, who were sent off.

(Juventus won 1-0 on aggregate—will meet Eintracht Brunswick.)

Anderlecht (Belgium) 3
Van Himst 2 (60, 65), Devrindt (83).
Sparta Prague 3
Masek 2 (30, 85), Mraz (89).
Brussels. Att. 36,000. Ref. Schiller (Austria).
Anderlecht: Vukasovic; Heylens, Van Welle, Plaskie, Cornelis; Hanon, Jurion; Bergholtz, Devrindt, Van Himst, Puis.
Sparta: Kramerius; Vojta, Tichy, Semendak, Dyba; Kvasnak, Jurkanin; Pospichal, Mraz, Masek, Vrana.

Anderlecht overcame the shock of a first-half goal and appeared certain winners when leading 3-1 with only five minutes left, then came Sparta's sensational finish to clinch a quarter-final place.

(Sparta won 6-5 on aggregate—will meet Real Madrid.)

CUP-WINNERS' CUP
Second Round—Second Leg

Vitoria Setubal (Portugal) ... 1
Pedras (70).
Bayern Munich 1
Ohlhauser (85).
Lisbon. Att. 15,000. Ref. Barde (France).
Vitoria: Vital; Conceiçao, Carrico, Herculano, Leiria; Tome, Baptista; Guerreiro, Pedras, José-Maria, Jacinto-Joao.
Bayern: Maier; Kupferschmidt, Beckenbauer, Olk, Schwarzenbeck; Roth, Schauss; Nafziger, Müller, Stöckel, Ohlhauser.

With Vitoria's stadium being rebuilt, this game was switched to Lisbon, where the Portuguese hammered away non-stop, but failed to break down a ruggedly efficient German defence.

(Bayern won 7-3 on aggregate—will meet Valencia.)

Aberdeen 2
Munro (20), Melrose (66).
Standard Liege 0
Aberdeen. Att. 11,000. Ref. Petersson (Sweden).
Aberdeen: Clark; Whyte, McMillan, Shewan; Munro, Petersen; Little, Smith, Robb, Melrose, Wilson.
Standard: Nicolay; Jeck, Dewalque, Thissen, Beurlet; Pilot, Naumovic; Semmeling, Claessen, Galic, Cajou.

Wintry conditions hampered both sides, and though the Scots—three down from the first leg—dished out a tremendous hammering, they found a resolute Belgian defence a tough proposition.

(Standard won 3-2 on aggregate—will meet AC Milan.)

Tottenham Hotspur 4
Greaves 2 (20, 45 pen.), Jones (55), Gilzean (69).
Olympique Lyon (France) ... 3
Di Nallo (54), Rambert (58), Bouassa (79).
London. Att. 42,000. Ref. Ortiz de Mendibil (Spain).
Tottenham: Jennings; Kinnear, Hoy, Mackay, Knowles; Bond, Venables; Robertson, Greaves, Gilzean, Jones.
Lyon: Chauveau; Kuffer, Rocco, Flohic, Lhomme; Maison, Schwinn; Pin, Bouassa, Di Nallo, Rambert.

Spurs' rearguard caved in lamentably before the nimble-footed French, for whom 23-year-old Moroccan forward Alain Bouassa, playing his first competitive game for Lyon, hit the vital goal.

(Olympique won under away goals rule [aggregate 4-4]—will meet Hamburger SV.)

Spartak Trnava (Czech) 1
Kuna (63).
Torpedo Moscow 3
Pais (10), Streltzov 2 (16, 57).
Trnava. Att. 15,000. Ref. Aalbrechts (Holland).
Spartak: Kozinka; Dobias, Jarabek, Zlocha, Hagera; Hrusecky Kuna; Martinkovic, Kravarik, Adamec, Kabat.
Torpedo: Kavazashvili; Lenev, Shustikov, Pachomov, Sarajev; Voronin, Tchumakov; Shtcherbakov, Streltsov, Stafyorov, Pais.

Two early goals flattened the Czechs, who tried all they knew and managed to keep the game open, but found no answer to the powerful Russians, superior in defence and pulverising in attack.

(Torpedo won 6-1 on aggregate—will meet Cardiff City.)

Cardiff City 4
Brown (3), Jones (20), Clarke (68), Toshack (70).
NAC Breda (Holland) 1
Nouwens (32).
Cardiff. Att. 17,000. Ref. Michaelsen (Denmark).
Cardiff: Wilson; Coldrick, Murray, Ferguson; Clarke, Harris; Jones, Brown, King, Toshack, Bell.
Breda: Van der Merwe; Van Gorp, Pelkmans, Van Ierland; Vermeulen, Rijnders; Bouwmeester, Pirard, Visschers, Nouwens, Shoeck.

The Welshmen stormed their way to a deserved win which was never in doubt, although the visitors resisted bravely throughout, even after losing the injured Vermeulen for the last 40 minutes.

(Cardiff won 5-2 on aggregate—will meet Torpedo Moscow.)

Hamburger SV 4
H. Schulz 2 (24, 43). Kurbjuhn (41), Seeler (57).
Wisla Kraków (Poland) 0
Hamburg. Att. 5,000. Ref. Graham (Eire).
HSV: Ozcan; Sandmann, Horst, W. Schulz, Kurbjuhn; Löffler, Krämer; Dieckmann, H. Schulz, Seeler, Dörfel.
Wisla: Stroniarz; Monica, Kotlarczyk, Polak, Kawula; Wójcik, Gach; Lendzion, Studnicki, Sytka, Pietraszewski.

Heavy rain curtailed the attendance at this disappointing game in which the Germans pressed spasmodically with some effect, while the struggling visitors never had a chance.

(Hamburger won 5-0 on aggregate — will meet Olympique Lyon.)

AC Milan 1
Prati (21).
Vasas Györ (Hungary) 1
Szalo (7).
Milan. Att. 30,000. Ref. Fritz (West Germany).
Milan: Belli; Anquilletti, Rosato, Malatrasi, Schnellinger; Lodetti, Trapattoni; Hamrin, Rivera, Prati, Rognoni.
Vasas: Toth; Keglovich, Kiss, Orban, Izsaki; Nell, Somogyi; Stolcz, Varsanyi, Györfi, Szalo.

Hungarian hopes rose high following an early lead, but the experienced hosts soon squared the match and in the end unlucky Vasas bowed out, despite being unbeaten in both legs.

(AC Milan won under away goals rule [aggregate 3-3]—will meet Standard Liege.)

by Arthur Rotmil

Muftic, the Sarajevo 'keeper, has just fisted the ball away despite pressure from Manchester United pair, Bill Foulkes (second left) and David Sadler (right). This game at Old Trafford, Manchester, gave the English champions a 2-1 win and put them through to meet Gornik of Poland in the next round. But, they couldn't have been happy with their performance. (A.)

Steaua Bucharest (Rumania) .. 1
Constantin (12).
Valencia (Spain) 0
Bucharest. Att. 20,000. Ref. Gugulovich (Yugoslavia).
Steaua: Suciu; Satmareanu, Jenei, Nicolae, Halmageanu; Negrea, Popescu; Sorin-Avram, Constantin, Soo, Voinea.
Valencia: Abelardo; Arnal, Mestre, Roberto, Vidagany; Vilar, Paquito; Guillot, Waldo, Ansola, Claramunt.

Each side hit the woodwork once, but while the Rumanians pressed hard and grew desperate, the visitors also had chances, though their main objective was to limit the scoreline.

(Valencia won 3-1 on aggregate—will meet Bayern Munich.)

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TWO GET SACK

ITALY

FIORENTINA coach Giuseppe Chiapella became the first Division I managerial casualty of the 1967-68 campaign after his club failed to beat Sporting Lisbon in the Fairs Cup. Three weeks later, Argentina-born Luis Carniglia was sacked by Bologna and replaced (for the second time in his career) by Gipo Viani, the technical director. Carniglia had precisely the same experience four years ago when he was with AC Milan.

Unbeaten after 14 matches—won 7, drawn 7—AC Milan are four points clear of the field, with Naples and newly-promoted Varese their closest challengers. Nereo Rocco, the iron man who was with Torino last season, is currently the Milano boss who shrewdly swapped Brazilian left-winger Amarildo for the Swedish veteran Hamrin when everyone thought he was past his best. Rocco's ace card so far has been the 19-year-old spearhead Piero Prati, who has come from nowhere to top the scorers' list, a place he shares on the nine-goal mark with Brazilian star Altafini (Naples, pictured). Nestor Combin, suspended for a week after being sent off in Naples, has eight goals, while the big goal-getters of the last two seasons, Vinicio (Lanerossi), Mazzola (Inter) and Riva (Cagliari), are nowhere.

This is clearly a transitional season for Helenio Herrera and FC Internazionale, and all the signs are that Suarez will be replaced for next season. Now playing with two wingers, Inter have managed only a point a match and have lost two weeks in a row away to Juventus (3-2) and Naples (2-1). Against the Turin club, Inter conceded their first penalty for 56 months, and Bercellino made no mistake for the Zebras.

The Italian football writers have given their annual gold medal (for the best goalkeeper) to Roma's Dion Zoff, not for his performances this season, but for the 1966-67 campaign, when he was with Mantova. Last season Mantova drew no fewer than 22 of their 34 matches, and Zoff was beaten only 22 times.

BRAZIL

SANTOS FC and Sao Paulo FC finally ended all square at the top of the Sao Paulo League, with Corinthians four points behind in third place. Not liking goal averages, the Brazilians hold play-off matches and, winning 2-1, Santos carried off the title once more. Pele, playing again with more confidence after several weeks' absence through injury, scored 15 goals, to share third place with his club-mate Toninho, but Baba (Sao Paulo) 16 and Flavio (Corinthians) 21 both topped him. In their 26 matches Santos mustered only 61 goals—a figure Pele was hitting on his own five years ago.

In the Rio championship, Botafogo led all the way, but could have been joined at the top to force a play-off had they lost their last match to Bangu. Beating their rivals 2-1, Botafogo won their first championship under former left-winger Zagallo, with Bangu second two points away and Fluminense third. Paulo Borges (Bangu) was the top scorer in Rio with 13 goals and the Fluminense pair Rinaldo and Samarone shared second place with 11.

In the Brazilian FA Cup, which decides the entrants for the South American championship, Palmeiras took the trophy and will be joined by Nautico (Recife) in the international series. In the semi-finals, Nautico beat Cruzeiro after a play-off, and Palmeiras also needed a third game to account for Gremio Porto Alegro. In the final, Palmeiras won 3-1 away but lost 2-1 at home and, not liking goals aggregate even for cup games, a play-off was held in Rio. This time Palmeiras made no mistake and won 2-0.

The new season begins early in March, with a break in June, July and August. The first two months is the lucrative touring season, while August is reserved for the annual Rio-Sao Paulo tournament, now re-named the Roberto Pedrosa series to bring in provincial clubs. This will be the last time the series is staged, for 1969 will see the introduction of the first all-Brazil league.

YUGOSLAVIA

THE traditional giants, Red Star and Partizan, are slowly recovering from the effects of the exodus last year, but Vojvodina (champions in 1966) are still struggling and occupy 12th place in the table. The 1967 champions, Sarajevo, are even worse off, however, sharing the relegation berths with OFK Beograd, who have lost their entire team of two years ago to foreign clubs. Milos Milutinovic, who quit French club Stade Français to become their manager in the summer, has applied for clearance from France so that he can play again.

If Sarajevo are having a hard time, neighbours Zeleznicar, who share their ground with them, are on the crest of a wave. In the first half of the campaign, Zeleznicar won seven, drew seven and lost only once and, with 21 points, have a nose in front of Red Star and Partizan on 20. Dynamo Zagreb occupy fourth place and by tradition always have a useful team. If it is possible they pay more attention to their reserves and Youth teams than they do the first team, and it pays. This season Dynamo have lost five regulars—Lamza, Zambata, Brncic, Skoric and Jukic. The first-named was seriously injured during the summer, but the other four have been called up for National Service.

Traditionally well behaved, the Yugoslavs have not had a top-class match abandoned since 1952, but in the first half of the current campaign two matches have been abandoned through violent play. The clubs blame the referees, but FA officials claim it is the switch to professionalism and too much emphasis on money.

The big talking point in Belgrade now is the suggestion to switch the season to the old spring-to-autumn set-up. By playing evening matches in summer, they could avoid playing in the cold weather, but Red Star recently organised a "winter-Liga" to defeat the argument that it was impossible to play in the winter. Red Star's first XI winters in South America, but at home the reserves will compete with Second and Third Division sides in a friendly league.

EAST GERMANY

ALL set for an African tour during the winter break, FC Carl Zeiss (formerly Motor Jena) take the autumn-meister title with them. With 20 points from 13 games, they are three points clear of FC Hansa

Rostock, with Magdeburg, fresh from Division II, third and Vorwaerts Berlin fourth. At the bottom, and apparently booked for the drop, are Motor Zwickau, currently holders of the FA Cup. Winning the Cup seems to be a bad omen in East Germany, for two years ago 1st FC Magdeburg (formerly Aufbau) won the Cup and were relegated the next season.

National team manager Karoly Soos has returned to his native Hungary after a seven-year stint in East Germany. Hoping to marry the aggressive German style to the more cultured Hungarian game, Soos didn't exactly succeed, but he did lift East Germany out of the ruck of second-class teams. During his term, East Germany played 43 matches, won 19, drew 10 and lost 14 and scored 92 goals against 66. Perhaps the Germans' best or most pleasing performance was their recent 1-0 win over Hungary. Taking over from Soos is his former assistant Harald Seeger, who twice led Army club Vorwaerts Berlin to the championship.

More than a million people paid to see First Division matches during the opening half of the season, giving an average of more than 12,000 per game. The weather closed in during December, however, and during the cold spell gates averaged only 4,000, to bring the overall figure down from that figure. In the first half of the campaign, seven First Division players were sent off, while 72 other players were cautioned by referees. Not bad figures compared with some other countries, but bad enough to prompt the DFV to issue stern warnings and promise stiffer penalties in future. The leading goalscorers at the halfway stage are both newcomers—Kostman (Hanso Rostock) earning 10 and Stieler, of newly-promoted Rot Weiss Erfurt, hitting 8.

RUSSIA

AFTER holding England to a 2-2 draw at Wembley, the national team visited South America for several matches against club sides and a full international with Chile. Winning 4-1, the Russians boosted their 1967 record to 10 wins in 14 games and making the figures even more impressive —9 of the 14 were played away from home. The two goals scored by right-winger Igor Chislenko (Moscow Dynamo) against England raised his total to 11 for the season —remarkable figures compared with the 8 he scored during the league campaign.

"Footballer of the Year" for 1967 is Torpedo Moscow centre-forward Eduard Streltzov. A member of the 1956 squad which won the Olympic title for Russia, Streltzov disappeared from the game between 1958 and 1966. In prison at first and suspended even after his release, Streltzov has worked his way back into favour.

Next season the First Division will comprise 20 clubs instead of 19, and many officials think the movement is in the wrong direction. One of the critics is Viktor Maslow, manager of champions Dynamo Kiev. The national team make great demands on the players, he said recently in an interview with the newspaper *Pravda*, and in addition we have to get through a tremendous amount of travelling to complete the league programme. With 19 away games, we shall top 35,000 miles next season, for we almost reached that figure in 1967. The most popular format, if the issue were put to a vote, would be that adopted three years ago for a trial period. At that time the FA split the top clubs into two zones to limit travelling and brought the top teams together for an all-Russia final round at the halfway mark.

Russia's top football paper, *Sovietski Sport*, recently launched a campaign against negative football. Pointing out the problems which arise from defensive tactics, the paper published an analysis of the season which clearly indicated that goals are becoming increasingly rare. In the First Division, only 11 players managed to score 10 goals or more in 36 games, while Lokomotive Moscow didn't score at all between mid-May and mid-July!

ARGENTINA

BEATING world champions Racing by 4-0 in their final match, Independiente FC carried off the 1967 championship. Under Brazilian manager Oswaldo Brandhao, they played an attacking game in contrast to all their rivals, and made it pay. Unfortunately, Senor Brandhao declined to re-sign for the new season and the new boss who takes charge for the South American championship might well close the game up again. Favourite for the job is Roberto Scarone, manager of Uruguay's FC Nacional.

Runners-up to Independiente were Estudiantes, an unfashionable club from La Plata, and the most defensive of all the Argentinian clubs. Unbeaten during their last 15 matches, they scored only 19 goals, but conceded only 8. Boca Juniors have also dismissed their manager, the former Millonarios star Adolfo Pedernera. He led the club through more than 40 unbeaten matches in 1965, but he now gives way to an Italian-style boss, Bernardo Gandola.

Disappointed with their showing in 1967 —disgusted might be the word their fans would use—River Plate have organised a big clear-out. Twelve players placed on the open-to-transfer list by River included four 1966 World Cup stars—Jorge Solari, Edmindo Onega, Juan Sarnari and Luis Cubillas. The last-named was among Uruguay's 44 but not released to play in England.

For the 1968 season, the formula devised by FA president Valentin Suarez will be retained. Starting with two zones, the top teams will play off in the autumn. Group A remains precisely the same and the two promoted clubs, Andes FC and Tigre, will be in Group B. Though this certainly gives a better deal to the provincial clubs, it's a foregone conclusion that the champions will be one of the giants—River, Racing, Boca or Independiente.

AUSTRALIA

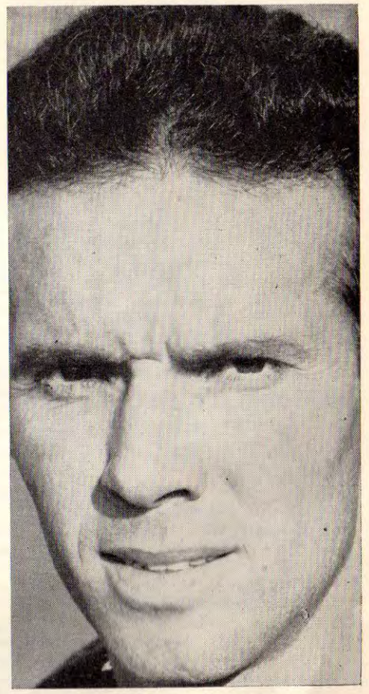
AUSTRALIAN soccer has taken what could be the first steps towards formation of a national league by arranging the first games between top soccer states, Victoria and New South Wales.

Victorian Soccer Federation secretary Gerald Edgar said the fixtures with NSW were the "first step in ending bitternesses and jealousies which existed between the states in the past.

"We hope in future our only differences will be of a sporting nature—and that these will be settled in the proper place, on the field."

The first match will be played at night on Melbourne's Olympic Park on March 22. The return game will be in Sydney on March 24.

Officials of both states met in Melbourne to plan the fixtures, which will be played annually and should draw big crowds. Further inter-state fixtures are likely—probably with South Australia.



ZAGALO (Botafogo Coach). (M.2.)

MAN IN THE MIDDLE'S VIEWS

by SIDNEY CLARKSON

EXCITING—THAT OLD PILE OF COATS . . .

FATE saw to it, many years ago, that I should be born by the seaside, at Scarborough to be precise. I'm sure now that my ability to continue actively in Youth football at an age when Old Rocking Chair has claimed many contemporaries stems back to the time when Saturdays would find our "street team" wending its way to battle on the beach, or searching for somebody with a ball.

This apology for a sphere would certainly not have found any referee's approval, since it would be blown up invariably by mouth and perhaps reveal, too, a bare expanse of bladder. Failing even this crude replica, a whip round of modest pocket money might realise a shilling all in halfpennies, the price of a highly-coloured rubber ball bearing the caption "A Present from Scarborough."

No falling crossbars

The needful preliminaries over, a pile of discarded jerseys and jackets would be put down for goals, the distance between being paced out under watchful eyes with stern ideas of justice. The "big game" was on. No half-time; no quarter asked, but plenty of "intervals" for the inevitable arguments when the ball went over the pile of coats or to resolve the foul assertion that the small goalie had been striking a shrewd blow for his side by moving the coat "post" in to avoid the incoming tide, but had not moved the farthest post to match. One item this spare man never had to fear was the danger from falling crossbars. There again our street showed much cupidity in putting the *smallest* chap in goal, for one could reasonably argue that he couldn't reach a high shot, and what went over his head would also have gone over the bar—if there'd been one. Thus No Goal—QED.

No coat

So the games, manned perhaps by 15 a side, would wage on from around nine till noon—we never observed minor FA scruples about time and teams—until the pangs of hunger or relentless tide would put a summary end to the day's sallies—to be continued later—ball and tide permitting. I do recall vividly playing in one of these marathon matches and at the end of the battle looking around for the jacket I had taken off at least two hours before. To this day I don't know whether it was the act of some stray dog or the swirling tide that robbed me, but I remember the embarrassment of having to run home through the crowded main street with the Saturday shopping crowds, in shirt-sleeves!

Stop Press

It was rare indeed if the end of the game found both sides in agreement as to the precise score, as we brushed the sand from our jackets and school boot toes. But the "Blue Crusaders" (we had got the name from a popular brand of safety matches) had most things well in hand. By some mysterious "bush telegraph" we had found the local press would print, in their Stop Press, the line score of certain Junior games, so while the debate continued our fastest runner would be despatched to the news office bearing the precious bulletin, written with a pencil stub on the back of a Woodbine paper packet: Blue Crusaders 19, Red Rovers 18. A typical morning's work, and a certain moral victory working on the principle of Blessed is he who gets his *news* in first! Little did it matter that two inches below might be a sub-editor's *correction*: Red Rovers 18, Blue Crusaders 18; we'd make sure another week to have a bigger margin of error.

Unfortunately, some time later, one young man, whose father was a joiner and carpenter, prevailed on his father to lend us some thin beams to act as goalposts and so obviate the heated debate when a shot went over the coats. This bright idea was received enthusiastically until the first shot hit the post, and the post, like the seed in the parable, having no depth of earth, descended on the diving goalie and left him a visible legacy of that game!

Afternoon stint

Refreshed by a quick run round the table, our afternoon destination would be the Athletic Ground, where our purely amateur side used to meet the curious names that came out of West Durham and North Yorkshire—Esh Winning, Tow Law, Crook (could any good come out from there?) and South Bank St. Peter's, which sounded to me like two teams trying to take an advantage. Of course, to our partisan eyes, our side could put no foot wrong, especially the right-winger, G. Chapman, who in private life was my Uncle George.

Pigeon post!

How happily did some of the collier supporters from up North combine their pigeon-fancier hobbies with that of football, for sports papers were not geared to the high-speed reporting of today. As each goal was scored, we would look for the carrier bird that would take the fateful result back to some Durham loft long before the team could get back over the formidable moors in their uncertain transport to break the midnight news upon an awaiting sporting village. Happy days!

Present scene

As the new year turns and we ask ourselves if we are leaving our particular corner better than we found it, we can say at least that the present group of boys under our charge lack little that could be provided for them in the way of football. They have a field with iron posts *and* crossbars, painted yearly. In summer the pitch is cut weekly and marked out in lime wash for matches. Their cherry jerseys have bright red numbers stitched on. Their headmaster changes into his referee kit for all matches played as friendlies.

A friendly paper prints a scholars' own match report. Boys in rota, like Stanley Matthews I always remind them, take turns to brush up the school cloakroom (caretakers being on a five-day working week, unlike headmasters) and also clean the wash-basins. The end of each season sees perhaps a pea-and-pie supper or else a club trip that involves a short ride and a visit to a museum or look in at a men's match in the afternoon. That's the way we have done it for some years now, and I don't suppose this old leopard will change his spots! But do the lads get as much fun with all their organisation as we did in those crude battles on the beach? Memories may get rosier with the years, but we doubt it . . .

PERSONALITY PIECE

● *Continued from page 35*

achieve a 0-0 draw with Albania.

French interest in keeping Skoblar in Marseilles now vanished completely. Hannover placed a price of £80,000 on his head, and no French club has that sort of money. At the end of June 1967 Skoblar returned to Hannover and made his debut for them on July 31 when "96" entertained, and were surprisingly defeated by, IFK Noerrkopping of Sweden in an Inter-Toto tie.

In August Skoblar received his first taste of the *Bundesliga*.

Skoblar starred in his first four games, and until the 58th minute he was starring in the fifth—against Karlsruhe. Then KSC defender Slattina somewhat crudely robbed Skoblar of possession, and the Slav foolishly chased Slattina and floored him. He was immediately sent off, and given an eight-week suspension.

This suspension set a tricky problem, very rarely encountered indeed! Halfway through the barred period Yugoslavia were due to play West Germany in Berlin in the return EC match. Should Skoblar be allowed to play or not? The German FA left the final decision to the Slavs, who, quite understandably, told Mitic that if he wanted to pick Skoblar he was quite free to go ahead and do so.

It didn't help much. The Slavs went down 3-1. Playing in his 32nd international, Skoblar was carefully shadowed throughout the match. In the final minute he tangled with Wolfgang Weber. He might well have found himself sent off for a second time!

His suspension completed, Skoblar returned to the *Bundesliga*, thoroughly outplayed Max Lorenz and scored a fine goal as "96" defeated Werder Bremen 4-2. Two more games and Skoblar was put out of action for several weeks by a knee injury.

It's all been a disappointing anti-climax.

But at the end of this season fellow Yugoslav Zlatko Cajkovski takes over as trainer at Hannover. Could it be that he will have more luck with Skoblar than condemned trainer Horst Buhtz?

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER

BLACK DAY'S RESULT

A HUMILIATING goalless draw with Albania has put West Germany out of the European Championship, giving a quarter-final place to Yugoslavia. This was the sensational news flashed from Tirana, where the national side failed dismally to score even one goal which would have been enough to win their group.

This bitter lesson of nothing being certain in football until the final whistle will take a long time to swallow, while controversy over team selection will undoubtedly rage for quite a while. The omission of Beckenbauer and Seeler, allegedly injured but more likely discarded for lack of effort in the game with Rumania, was at first greeted with mild surprise. After all, the Albanians were not considered strong enough to face any German XI. Now, of course, it appears that the general reshuffle was ill timed and almost panicky, one is tempted to say. While Wolter, who played so well in Bucharest, retained his place in goal and Höttges returned predictably at left-back, there were wholesale changes up front. Netzer was recalled to midfield, with Held and Küppers forming a new right-wing; while in the centre a first cap was given to Borussia Mönchen - Gladbach's Peter Meyer (27), currently the Bundesliga's top scorer with 19 goals. Team: Wolter; Patzke, Schulz, Weber, Höttges; Netzer, Overath; Held, Küppers, Meyer, Löhr.

On the bumpy pitch, the Germans took some time to settle down, but when, in the last 20 minutes, prompted by "sweeper" (!) Willie Schulz, they mounted a final desperate assault, it was too late to break the barrier of Albanians fighting like demons to keep their goal intact. Earlier, the hosts also attacked on occasions and every shot in Wolter's direction was celebrated by the 30,000-strong, fanatical crowd like a goal. The final result must be rated even more incredible when considering that Albania played half the match with only 10 fit men following an injury to left-back Vaso, who could merely hobble around on the wing. There were unbelievable scenes in the hosts' goalmouth during the closing stages, but the Germans missed chances and thus Albania have done it again, for in 1965 they held Northern Ireland to a 1-1 draw here, allowing the Swiss to reach the World Cup finals.

At the half-way stage of the Bundesliga programme, Nürnberg hold a seven-point lead, and it is difficult to imagine who could possibly dislodge them. Their average home gates were 42,300—an increase of 21,600 compared with last year, but attendances generally have slumped to an average of 24,300, while in the record year of 1965 they stood at 29,200.

On the managerial front, the news is that Germany's most successful and highest-paid (£1,600 a month!) coach, Zlatko "Tschik" Cajkouski, is leaving Bayern Munich at the end of the season and will take over Hannover. During his five-year spell with Bayern, he led them to promotion, two German Cup and one European Cup-Winners' Cup victories.

BUNDESLIGA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Nürnberg	**17**	**11**	**5**	**1**	**45**	**17**	**27**
Bor. Mön.-Glad.	17	7	6	4	49	25	20
1860 Munich	17	6	8	3	34	20	20
MSV Duisburg	17	8	4	5	27	19	20
Bayern Munich	17	9	2	6	33	33	20
VfB Stuttgart	17	7	5	5	33	25	19
Hannover	17	7	5	5	26	26	19
Eint. Brunswick	17	8	3	6	16	18	19
Cologne	17	8	2	7	35	29	18
Borussia Dort.	17	6	5	6	32	29	17
Werder Bremen	17	6	5	6	34	32	17
Alem'nia Aachen	17	6	5	6	21	27	17
Kaiserslautern	17	4	8	5	22	34	16
Eint. Frankfurt	17	4	6	7	24	21	14
Hamburger SV	17	4	5	8	22	30	13
Schalke	17	4	4	9	20	27	12
Karlsruher	17	4	1	12	17	37	9
Borussia Neun.	17	2	5	10	15	46	9

★ **Arthur Rotmil**

AUSTRALIAN NEWS

● *Continued from page 33*

pionship (last four) which will be held from July 2 to 9, possibly in Italy or England. If that happens, the Ferencvaros tour may be cancelled or put back by a couple of weeks as this club is certain to provide the backbone of the Hungarian side.

After years of idle talk, progress is also made in the field of playing facilities. A couple of Sydney grounds are getting a facelift but more important, there is a good chance that work on a soccer stadium may be started in 1968. This would be at the Sydney suburb of Tempe and could cost several million dollars.

And finally, another piece of good news: top German coach Dettmar Cramer, now doing missionary work in Asia on FIFA's behalf, is scheduled to spend March in Australia, giving this country's soccer set-up the once-over. Cramer will hold lecture courses for coaches, will give demonstrations and will be available to make firm recommendations to the Federation for the general improvement of the game.

Actually, Cramer is reportedly interested in a position of more permanent nature in Australia—and Australia would be delighted to have him. So his visit will be a preliminary meeting to find out how such an arrangement could work out.

"GATES" UP BUT TEAM GOES DOWN

NEWS FROM SWITZERLAND

ONLY fanatics or the boldest of optimists could nurture hopes of a Swiss success over Italy at Cagliari in a game which had to be won to keep alive, if not clinch, hopes of progress in the European Championship.

Some voices in this country were accusing Hungarian referee Zsolt of presenting Italy with an undeserved draw at Berne by awarding a late penalty, supposedly to atone for his bad handling of their game with Northern Ireland 10 years ago (!), when he sent off Da Costa at Belfast and the Irish, having won 2-1, advanced into the World Cup finals; but this time there could be no excuses. Italy triumphed fairly and squarely by 4-0, and while the Swiss can bemoan the absence of Rolf Blättler, who, partly for business and partly for health reasons, failed to make the trip, the plain fact is that the Italians knew too much all round, displaying an impenetrable barrier in defence, fine control in midfield, plus devastating power in attack, where the return of Mazzola and Rivera, allied to the shooting abilities of Domenghini and Riva, proved decisively conclusive.

This was the first full international ever staged in Cagliari, on the island of Sardinia, where an enthusiastic crowd of 31,000, including some 1,500 Swiss fans, greeted these line-ups. Italy: Albertosi; Burgnich, Bercellino, Picchi, Facchetti; Ferrini, Juliano; Domenghini, Rivera, Mazzola, Riva. Switzerland: Kunz; Pfirter, Michaud, Tacchella, Perroud; Fuhrer, Dürr; Odermatt, Künzli, Quentin, Bernasconi.

Only three minutes had passed when Riva's shot struck Kunz, and before the hapless 'keeper realised where the ball had gone, Mazzola was on the spot to shove it into an empty net. Another nine minutes and the stadium exploded in triumph as local hero Luigi Riva, last season's top league scorer and currently rated the finest outside-left in Europe, hit a brilliant goal after dribbling past three Swiss defenders. On the stroke of half-time, Domenghini lashed in a 30-yard free-kick, and in the 67th minute the same player hit the fourth. Shots by Odermatt and Bernasconi grazed the bar, but otherwise it was mostly one-way traffic and at the end, all observers agreed with Italy's manager, Ferruccio Valcareggi, when he said: "Italy has once again a worthy national team." And remember, they are the only European country unbeaten since the World Cup and that lamented defeat by North Korea.

The championship has reached the halfway mark and soccer is now in the middle of its usual winter hibernation. It will resume with the Cup quarter-finals on February 25, followed a week later by the League's return fixtures. Before that, however, on February 17, the Swiss will complete their European group matches by playing in Cyprus. Grasshoppers, two points ahead of Lugano and four in front of Basle, are the "Wintermeisters," while in the Cup, Zürich knocked out the holders Basle but must now visit Lugano. The other quarter-final pairings: Biel v. Servette, Sion v. Lucerne and Winterthur v. Young Fellows. Gates have been on the upgrade, with 1,020,600 watching the First and Second Division games so far, a figure never before reached in this country at this stage.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Grasshoppers	**13**	**10**	**1**	**2**	**30**	**12**	**21**
Lugano	13	9	1	3	22	15	19
Basle	13	7	3	3	26	14	17
Lucerne	13	6	4	3	32	26	16
Zürich	13	5	5	3	26	16	15
Lausanne	13	6	3	4	31	21	15
Biel	13	5	3	5	20	21	13
Young Boys	13	5	3	5	18	23	13
Chaux-de-Fonds	13	4	4	5	21	20	12
Servette	13	5	1	7	21	21	11
Bellinzona	13	4	3	6	12	17	11
Sion	13	2	5	6	10	20	9
Grenchen	13	2	1	10	11	31	5
Young Fellows	13	1	3	9	8	31	5

★ **Arthur Rotmil**

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